THE

European Magazine,

For OCTOBER, 1807.

[Embellished with, 1. A Portrait of Mrs. Mattocks. And, 2. A View of St. Paul's School.]

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At the BIBLE, CROWN, and CONSTITUTION,

No. 32, Cornhill.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month, as published, may have it sent to them, FREE OF POSTAGE, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and every Part of the West Indies, at Two Guineas per Annum, by Mr. Thornhill, of the General Post Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Gibraltar, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at Two Guineas per Annum, by Mr. Bishop, of the General Post Office, at No. 22, Sherborne-lane; to any Part of Ireland, at One Guinea and a Half per Annum, by Mr. Smith, of the General Post Office, at No. 3, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any Part of the East Indies, at Thirty Shillings per Annum, by Mr. Guy, at the East India House.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

The Editors of the *European Magazine* have, on a former occasion, pointed out the contributions which they would prefer, and think it not improper to repeat them. They are Essays, moral and literary, and such as illustrate dark Passages of History, Biographical Anecdotes of Men of Eminence, either living or dead; Letters on Erudition and Criticism; original Letters of celebrated Persons; and Accounts of new Inventions, or remarkable Characters. They therefore flatter themselves, that such as have any useful Knowledge to communicate, or any Hint that may improve the *Mind*, polish the *Manners*, refine the *Taste*, or mend the *Heart*, will be as glad of such an Opportunity of communicating, as the *Editors* of the *European Magazine* will be always ready to convey it to the Public.

The communications of EXPOSITUS will be extremely acceptable.

We have to express our thanks to J. NIXON, Esq. for the many favours which he has conferred on the Proprietor of this Magazine, and particularly his last, the beautiful drawing of EPSOM CHURCH, which is in the hands of the engraver.

Our thanks are also due to J. J. COSSART, Esq. for his liberal offer.

Mr. HARRIOT'S "Struggles through Life" shall be reviewed in our next Magazine.

ALEXIS, in answer to the Essay on Ancient and Modern Eloquence, in our next.

CEMETERY will demand more consideration than we are at present able to bestow upon it: perhaps, as a hint, a part of it may be useful.

We are such admirers of *humour*, that, it is probable, we should not reject *even* the efforts of OBLITERATUS, if we could *decypher* them.

BRISTOLIENSIS seems a proper appendage to an article now drawing near to its conclusion, and therefore shall be inserted.

We should with pleasure have inserted the "Essay on the Tragic Ballad," had it come originally to us; but as it has already appeared in another publication (however remote), we must decline doing what we have formerly reprobated.

The *Camels* of *Arabia* are no *novelties* in LONDON: in fact, they are *to be found* in every bookseller's shop.

If our respectable correspondent, Mr. E. can procure for us a portrait and memoir of the learned and pious BISHOP OSBALDESTON, we will gladly have the former engraved, and insert the latter.

If our correspondent N. who writes from the Strand, will be more explicit, we shall be happy to receive his communications.

Dr. Anderson, in his edition of the British Poets, has published the entire works of *Penrose*, including, of course, his poem on *Madness*; and prefixed a Life of the Author, much more ample and particular than that sent us by *C. T. S.*—We, however, thank this correspondent for his friendly intention.

The American Werter is precluded by its too great length.

AVERAGE PRICES of CORN from October 10 to October 17.

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Essex	70	0	00	0	42	0	31	0	51	0
Kent	66	6	46	0	42	9	32	6	49	5
Sussex	65	4	00	0	40	6	31	0	00	0
Suffolk	60	9	42	0	38	7	29	9	44	11
Cambridge	62	11	42	0	38	0	23	7	48	10
Norfolk	60	5	40	8	38	0	27	0	44	0
Lincoln	67	9	46	1	42	5	25	9	53	8
York	67	3	49	6	41	0	27	6	58	4
Durham	66	9	00	0	00	0	28	10	00	0
Northumb.	63	9	50	6	37	1	27	5	00	0
Cumberland	68	0	55	11	40	6	26	4	00	0
Westmorl.	74	2	54	8	35	0	27	6	00	0
Lancaster	73	4	00	0	48	2	28	6	51	10
Chester	65	7	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0
Gloucester	68	0	00	0	36	0	35	9	59	4
Somerset	73	1	00	0	35	8	22	0	58	0
Monmouth	68	0	00	0	00	0	00	0	00	0
Devon	69	11	00	0	36	3	24	5	00	0
Cornwall	75	8	00	0	36	6	21	4	00	0
Dorset	70	11	00	0	34	0	00	0	60	0
Hants	67	10	00	0	36	6	30	4	50	0

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barl.		Oats		Beans	
Middlesex	70	1	41	1	40	7	33	7	55	4
Surrey	71	0	44	4	41	8	34	8	54	6
Hertford	65	8	43	6	40	6	28	0	44	3
Bedford	63	8	48	9	39	1	28	6	50	2
Huntingdon	60	6	00	0	38	9	27	10	47	11
Northampt.	61	8	41	6	36	8	26	6	48	6
Rutland	69	3	00	0	44	0	30	0	62	0
Leicester	68	2	44	3	40	7	29	4	49	0
Nottingham	75	0	45	0	44	10	31	2	58	0
Derby	77	6	00	0	48	0	30	8	57	6
Stafford	72	11	00	0	42	4	29	1	61	8
Salop	68	6	47	0	42	8	29	10	00	0
Hereford	65	7	41	6	33	4	28	8	18	0
Worcester	67	6	43	10	36	4	36	1	51	8
Warwick	71	1	50	0	41	11	33	7	51	9
Wilts	65	8	00	0	36	8	33	6	58	8
Berks	67	11	50	0	37	7	33	7	53	4
Oxford	65	11	00	0	34	0	30	6	47	2
Bucks	70	4	00	0	38	4	31	9	51	2

WALES.

N. Wales	74	4	00	0	38	8	21	8	00	0
S. Wales	78	4	00	0	35	6	16	9	00	0

European Magazine.

Engraved by Ridley & Co. from a Picture by Drummond

Mrs Mattocks.

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THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW,

FOR OCTOBER, 1807.

MEMOIR OF MRS. MATTOCKS.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

When HALLAM fills the tragic scene,
Displaying tender JULIET's mien,
The tearful glances of her eyes
Attract a hundred ROMEOS' sighs;
Nay, if you'll take a critic's word,
I've often wish'd "I were her bird."
But when the rosy-laughing hours
Fly swift before her comic powers,
With face and figure form'd to please,
With spirit, elegance, and ease,
I envy JULIET's bird no more,
For BELL's the goddess I adore.

Poetry of those Times.

IT is not one of the least important parts of this work, which may be considered as "an abstract and brief chronicle of the times," that while, in many instances, it is a memorial of the dead, it also, still more frequently, becomes the record of living characters of exalted merit, and the medium through which the names of those whose professional exertions have shone with peculiar lustre will, we hope, be transmitted to posterity.

Within the pale of this Magazine, we are, therefore, very happy to have enclosed the lady whose portrait embellishes this number, and whose memoir, brief as it is, we trace with pleasure, because we can remember the rise and expansion of her genius; we have seen her in her growth and in her progress, and are happy to add, that her professional powers are still the delight of her admiring auditors.

Public approbation, when truly merited, is, perhaps, the highest gratification that histrionic exertions can receive. This gratification has attended the lady who is the subject of this sketch from the earliest dawn of her genius down to her present appearance on the stage, where she is ever greeted with the most flattering acclamations of applause.

Mrs. MATTOCKS, whose maiden name was ISABELLA HALLAM, was born in Goodman's-fields, in the year 1746. Her uncle, William Hallam, was manager of the theatre in that place, during one, or perhaps more, of the secessions of Mr. Giffard. Her father was also an actor at the same theatre at the time when Mr. GARRICK was there. He is said to have been much admired in low comedy, but was, probably, impelled, by the misfortunes that attended the company after Mr. G. left it, to seek an asylum in America.

Dramatic performances were, at that period, a great novelty to our *then* transatlantic brethren; therefore it is no wonder that, soon after his arrival, he became manager of the theatres of CHARLESTOWN, NEW YORK, and PHILADELPHIA.* His success in these pursuits is said to have been such as to have enabled him to realize a fortune of 10,000l. the whole of which was lost in the American war; though we think he did not live to experience this misfortune.

Miss HALLAM, at the departure of her father, was left under the protection of Mrs. BARRINGTON, her aunt, an actress of very considerable merit at Covent Garden theatre, who procured for her one of the most finished educations at that time known; of which she seems

* "The first dramatic representation in the *then* colonies of America was performed in Philadelphia, by a small company from England, under the management of Mr. Douglas, father-in-law of Mr. Hallam, of the New York theatre, and of our favourite, Mrs. Mattocks. Some years before the revolutionary war, Douglas had erected a regular theatre in Philadelphia; but that event drove him to seek his fortune in the West Indian islands."—*Janson's Stranger in America*, p. 247.

in a very conspicuous manner to have availed herself.

The first appearance of Miss HALLAM upon the stage was at so very early a period of her life as the age of four years and a half, in the character of the PARISH GIRL, in the "WHAT D'YE CALL IT, a Tragic Comic Poetical Farce," written by Gay.* It happened that the Duchess of Bolton (the famous Polly Peachum) was present at the performance, and, charmed with the infant actress, she sent her five guineas, accompanied with a polite card, expressing her approbation, and intimating a wish that the little Parish Girl of that evening might be as successful through life as she had been.†

It has been justly said by Cibber, that there is something so fascinating to the juvenile mind in the characters of heroes and heroines, that it is little to be wondered why all the candidates for theatric fame are anxious to attract the town to the pomp and circumstance of sublime tragedy, and to seize on the tender passions of their audiences, in a part where they are most assailable, by exhibiting themselves in circumstances of exquisite distress, and by a display of their tragic powers giving them a *full dose* of the *doleful*, while in situations where, as Murphy observes,

"Young gentlefolks are apt to fall;"

though of this, with respect to Miss Hallam, there was no danger. Prepared by an excellent education, and inspired by a true dramatic genius, she seemed, according to the opinion of the critics, born at once to attract and to fix the attention of the town. Under these happy auspices, and with this promising prospect, at the age of fifteen, she commenced tragic actress, and began, at Covent-garden, her theatrical career, in the arduous part of JULIET. We think her aunt, Mrs. Barrington, performed LADY CAPULET, and, consequently, introduced the young *debutante* upon the stage.

The good nature of a metropolitan audience always secures a favourable reception to a lovely girl in so interesting a situation; but of this indulgence Miss HALLAM had, in the course of the evening, little occasion to avail herself: she performed the difficult part entrusted to her in a manner that would have done credit to the most experienced actress, and, consequently, elicited concomitant applause.

The manager was too wise to suffer the genius of this young favourite to lie dormant; he, on the contrary, promoted its expansion in the various classes of the drama, tragic, comic, and operatic; though we must observe, that the two latter seem, by her having resigned the former, to have been, of late years, considered by herself as peculiarly her *forte*. Perhaps the observation which Dr. Johnson makes with respect to Shakspeare, as a writer, will, in some degree, apply to Mrs. M. as an actress:

"Her tragedy, excellent as it was, seemed to be ART; her comedy to be NATURE."

In the *operas*, she was, as an actress, so much superior to Miss Brent, that we have always entertained an idea that she was a much better singer, at least when she followed her in the same parts, Polly,* Rosetta,† Patty,‡ &c. for instances, she was a hundred times more fascinating, as the feelings of the audience, except that part of it termed *connoisseurs*, who seldom have any, fully evinced.

At different periods, Miss HALLAM performed in Artaxerxes the three important characters, Artaxerxes, Mandane, and Arbaces.

In the part of Polly, she was so truly excellent, that Mr. Rich observed, GAY might burst the cerement of his sepulchre to hear her.

Her performance of BERTHA, in the "ROYAL MERCHANT; or, the Beggars' Bush;" was distinguished by a circumstance which shewed her taste and judgment. The scene of this piece is in Flanders—BERTHA appears as the niece to VANDUNK, the governor of BRUGES, a character which she dressed exactly in the style of Rubens's wife (Helena Forman), as she appears in a celebrated picture by that artist.

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* In ridicule of the tragedies of those times, particularly of Venice Preserved.

† The Parish Girl is said to have been the first part in which the celebrated LAVINIA FENTON appeared at the little theatre in the Haymarket. When Miss Hallam undertook it, she is said to have been in figure so diminutive, considering the size of the stage, that a gentleman in the pit exclaimed, "I can hear the little charmer very well, but it is impossible to see her without a *magnifying* glass."

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* Beggars' Opera.

† Love in a Village.

‡ Maid of the Mill.

The Flemish female costume, though common in England during the reigns of the Stuarts, was, at this period, entirely unknown on the English stage; therefore the effect of the revival of the Vandyke dress, as it is termed, by the ladies, who have since adopted it, may be better conceived than it can be described.

In the part of DIANA, the Florentine maiden, in the comedy of ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, we recollect that the simplicity yet peculiar smartness of the dress of Miss HALLAM were loudly applauded on her first entrance; while the excellence of her acting contributed to keep the audience in good humour during the exhibition of a piece which was performed under very trying circumstances, it being the first after the opening of the theatre, which had been shut several days, in order to repair the devastation occasioned by the almost insane outrages of a set of *well-dressed* SAVAGES, in February, 1768.

In the season of 1764 was produced a very singular species of entertainment, intended to ridicule the operatic taste then too prevalent: this was the *English* burletta of MIDAS,* in which Miss HALLAM performed the part of NYSA, and, by her exquisite humour, greatly contributed to exalt the piece to that height of celebrity which it afterward so justly attained. Counsellor C—— (the father of the present master in chancery, a gentleman whose genius, erudition, and talents, as a lawyer, would have borne him to the very *acme* of his profession, had not his unfortunate speculations in the *new* buildings, Dean's-yard, Westminster, depressed his spirits and paralysed his exertions) was so charmed with the performance of Miss H. that he always called her "his little Nysa."†

We now resume our Memoir, from the regular thread of which we have a little digressed, and open this part of it with a dramatic piece, entitled, "THE TRIP TO SCOTLAND," which, in the year 1765, was performed by Mr. GEORGE MATTOCKS and Miss HALLAM, both of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, for *their own* benefit. The wags, upon this occasion, said, that APOLLO had shewn his taste in running away with "NYSA" instead of pursuing "DAPHNE."

Mr. Mattocks, it will be recollected, with a very handsome person, possessed

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highly, that we gladly avail ourselves of the present opportunity to insert them.

VERSES

Written by S—— C——, Esq. when he was a Youth of Fourteen Years of Age, in return for a Norfolk Turkey and Sausages sent by Mrs. Mattocks to him when at Westminster School.

THE goddesses once, as the old poets tell us,
Took delight in intriguing with us pretty fellows.
To make matters easy, Jove always conferr'd
On each, as a courier, her favourite bird.
When the peacock was seen, with his plumage erected,
A message from Juno was surely expected.
When Venus would write to her lover Anchisis,
By the dove she despatch'd her celestial advices.
Nay, Pallas (tho' reckon'd too sober for flirting)
Was sure of a nodding grave owl at her curtain:
'Twas whisper'd, however, that *she* had her spark,
Else why should her messenger fly in the dark?
Be it known, that of late an intrigue is begun
Betwixt me and dear "Nysa," the goddess of fun:
And "Nysa," lest mortals should think her absurd,
Has follow'd the fashion, and sent me her bird.
'Tis true that she sent nor owl, peacock, nor dove,
But her turkey has taught me the language of love.
The messenger came, and my fancy did hit,
Not sporting with plumage, but truss'd for the spit:
On each side did the gizzard and liver appear,
And a link of fine sausages brought up the rear.
O follow, dear goddess! this excellent rule
(I learn'd it from Horace this morning at school);
That love, without eating and drinking, grows cool.
So whene'er at a school-boy you level your dart,
The way thro' the stomach's the *way* to the heart."

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* This was played as a first piece, it being then in three acts: it was afterwards reduced to two, and derived, in our opinions, much advantage from compression.

† His son, it appears, followed his example; for when he was a boy at Westminster school, as Mrs. Mattocks, from the intimacy that prevailed in their families, knew that the young gentlemen were much in the habit of making feasts after they had retired to their rooms for the night, she sent to Master C. a large Norfolk turkey, and an enormous chain of sausages, as a *petit soupé*, or nocturnal *bonne bouche*; in consequence of which she, the next day, received from him the following verses, of the merit of which, considering the age of the poet, we think so

also an excellent voice; he played the principal characters in all the English operas, which formed a species of dramatic amusement that had a prodigious run in those times: he was, therefore, deservedly a favourite of the public.

This young couple, the year after their marriage, were engaged at the Liverpool theatre, which was then under the management of Mr. GIBSON, an actor whom, in many of his characters, GLO'STER, in King Lear, for instance, we thought excellent; though he was said to retain more of the manner of the OLD SCHOOL than any one at that time on the stage.* But it was not merely on the stage that he displayed his excellence; his integrity in private life was firmly established, his benevolence, in proportion to his means, was extensive: consequently he was extremely loved and esteemed.

Mrs. MATTOCKS, at this time not more than one-and-twenty, was most admirably calculated to become the favourite of a town at once *commercial* and *critical*. Animated, elegant, and fascinating, her histrionic and vocal powers were soon drawn forth in tragedy, comedy, opera, and farce. She acted better than any one that had ever been seen there. She sung enchantingly, and, consequently, her success was unbounded.

The metropolitan fashions had not, at this period, taken such rapid strides from the centre to the extremities of the island, as they have been used to do in more modern times; therefore the various dresses of Mrs. M. after they had passed the *ordeal* of the female critics in the theatre, and been there displayed to the admiration of every one, were frequently sent for by the principal ladies of Liverpool, for paraphernalian patterns; and so much was she the object of attraction, that, in her evening walks, she was surrounded with admirers; so it may easily be believed, that the fame of this London phenomenon soon expanded, till it reached Manchester, where she was solicited to sing once a week at the concert, which was performed every Thursday evening.

For these vocal exertions her agreement was ten guineas per night and a clear benefit. This sum was, by the lower order of the people at Manchester, thought so enormous, *at that time*, for merely singing a few songs, that the market-place which faced the inn where she resided used to be crowded with spectators, who waited to gape and stare at "th' woman that did get ten guineas a noight for zinging of zongs."

Mr. GIBSON died at Liverpool about the year 1771, very generally lamented. He left his property, in which was included a patent for the theatre, to a lady of the name of BENNET, whom we remember at Covent Garden theatre an actress of some eminence, in the characters of antiquated Abigails and modern chambermaids, Patch, Foible, Inis, also Lady Loverule, &c. where she was a kind of co-rival to Mrs. Pitt.

A new theatre had, before the death of Mr. Gibson, been built at Liverpool, of which it appeared that many speculators wished to purchase the lease and patent, and, in consequence, made various applications to Mrs. BENNET for this purpose; but to these she with great propriety replied, "That all Mr. GIBSON had possessed had been derived from the inhabitants of Liverpool; that to them she felt the highest sense of obligation for the ease and comfort which attended her declining years; therefore she would never part with the patent to any one that would not promise to engage Mrs. MATTOCKS to perform, as she knew that it would be an article in the agreement more acceptable to the town than any other which she had the power to stipulate."

In consequence of this determination of Mrs. B. Mr. MATTOCKS and Mr. YOUNGER purchased the patent betwixt them.

This accession of her husband to the joint management of the theatre, gave to Mrs. M. her choice and full range of parts: her situation, it is probable, produced a still greater expansion of her genius, for we know that her success was unbounded. But it was not only on the stage that she shone with unrivalled lustre; her strong understanding, her talents, and the elegance of her manners, endeared her to a large circle of polished society, by whom she was equally loved and esteemed.

Under these happy auspices, it is natural to imagine that the doors of Fortune's temple were thrown open to her, and that, secure from future storms, she had only to enter, and enjoy the happiness which seemed to court her acceptance. Yet how soon was the cup of prosperity dashed from her lips! The patent, which she had fondly, and in-

* Perhaps, in this respect, an exception might be might in favour of old FURNIVAL, of the Bath theatre.

deed rationally, hoped would have been the foundation of her highest prosperity, proved the source of her deepest adversity. She does not know the reason of this.* We do! at least we will endeavour to launch a conjecture which, we think, will come near the truth, viz. that Mr. Mattocks was a much better actor than a manager, as we have understood that in the latter character he suffered his good nature to be imposed on, and his credulity to be turned to the advantage of those who understood that part of business far better than himself. It was impossible that the inhabitants of the town of Liverpool, liberal in their ideas and critical in their judgment, could have taken any dislike to the company enumerated in the note; therefore it is fair to suppose, that their disgust to the theatre arose from a source with which neither her husband nor herself were acquainted. Be this as it may, the ill consequences fixed upon them. In the wreck of the theatre they lost all, even to the tea-spoon and the towel.

Mr. M. was, of course, declared a bankrupt; and the severest trial of his life is said to have been that awful moment, when he was compelled to take from his beloved wife her watch and diamonds, which he laid on the table before the commissioners, who unanimously insisted upon his immediately returning them, to his pocket, and, in every other instance, treated him with that humanity and good breeding which are concomitant to the English mercantile character.

Through the whole of this distressful scene, Mrs. M. supported herself with the greatest fortitude; but, as it too frequently happens, where the spirits are highly strained to meet the exigency of circumstances, as soon as her fears for the personal safety of her husband had subsided, a reverse took place which sunk them to despondency.

It has been said, that when Mrs. Mattocks had discharged all the expenses attendant upon their distressed situation, they were left with only one *half crown* in the world. Let us see how our heroine behaved in these trying circumstances. She shewed the half-crown to her husband, kissed it, and said, "My dear George, we are still rich, for this is *our own*, and no one can take it from us."

This was, indeed, rising superior to the affliction of the moment; but, alas! it was her last effort; for she went immediately to the rehearsal of the Midnight Hour,* and, while she stood on the stage, sickened of a putrid fever, attended with symptoms of the utmost danger, which the physician pronounced to have been engendered solely by the misery and agitation of mind that she had so long endured; though we are happy to add, that, through his care and attention, an amiable woman was restored to her friends and to the public.

Mr. Aickin had, by this time, succeeded to the management of the theatre at Liverpool, and he appointed Mr. Mattocks to conduct the concern; Mrs. Mattocks, of course, resumed her situation on that stage; but when the former left that town, and engaged in the management of the Edinburgh theatre, Mr. M. went as his representative, and Mrs. M. we think, returned to London, where, while she was anxiously expecting his arrival, she received the most afflictive news that he was snatched from her for ever.

He died at Edinburgh, where he had been extremely loved and esteemed, as the manner in which his funeral was attended by many of the most respectable of the inhabitants, fully evinced, and where his memory was revered by every one.

Having thus, with very little deviation, pursued the thread of our memoir to the widowhood of the subject of it, we shall close this sketch with the notice of a few circumstances and desultory observations, which would otherwise have broken too much the chain of our narration.

Mr. and Mrs. Mattocks, in consequence of some disagreement with Mr. Harris, left Covent-garden; but upon the impending ruin that threatened to involve their affairs, she had the good sense to make an application to be reinstated in a situation to which it has

* We make this assertion, because, writing to a friend, she says, "What I fondly hoped would have been the foundation of my fortune has proved its ruin: why or wherefore, I cannot tell, but the public was dissatisfied with the company that was brought down; though I think you will wonder at it when I tell you, that, at the same time, they have had Wroughton, Quick, Lee Lewis, Henderson, Mrs. Crouch, Mrs. S. Kemble, myself, Mr. Kemble, and Mrs. Siddons, (*a*), and many more, that were deserving of commendation, have acted for a whole season together."

(*a*) Perhaps such a company as this was never before seen out of the metropolis, and, indeed, very seldom within it.

* Then about to be performed for the first time.

appeared that she has had through life the strongest attachment. Her offer was liberally received, and her consequent appearance on the stage most loudly applauded.

To add much to what we have already said of the dramatic powers of an actress so universal in her cast of parts and so successful in all of them as Mrs. Mattocks, would here be nugatory; perhaps the highest praise that can in this respect be conferred upon her is concentred in the circumstance of her having been much admired, and particularly protected, by such an exquisite judge of theatrical talents as the late Mr. Garrick, to whose friendly instructions, in her juvenile years, she has always been ready to attribute much of her professional proficiency.

When Murphy's comedy of "KNOW YOUR OWN MIND" * was in rehearsal at Covent-garden theatre, in which Mrs. M. played LADY BELL, with a vavacity (and we remember the circumstance) that in more instances than one most seasonably interposed to save the piece, Mr. Garrick wrote the epilogue, which was spoken by her with even more than her usual excellence. As there is something in this production which shews how well the author understood, and how justly he discriminated the comic powers of Mrs. M. we shall therefore, quote its first lines:

"If after Tragedy 'tis made a rule
To laugh no more, I'll be no titt'ring fool,
To jog you with a joke in tragic doze,
And shake the dew-drops from the weeping rose.†
Prudes of each sex affirm, and who denies?
That in each tear a whimpering Cupid lies.
To such wise formal folk my answer's simple;
A thousand Cupids revel in a dimple;
From these soft nests with laughter out they rush,
Perch'd on your heads, like small birds in a bush.
Beauty resistless in each smile appears:
Are you for dimples, ladies, or for tears?
Dare they in comedy our mirth abridge?
Let us stand up for giggling privilege;
Assert our rights that laughter is no sin,
From the SCREW'D SIMPER to the BROAD-FAC'D GRIN.‡

It is a curious circumstance that Murphy, though then a veteran author, was observed, on the first night of this play, walking backward and forward, on the *opposite prompt*, with his hands behind him, in deep meditation. The applause that occasionally cheered his production, did not in the least seem to attract his attention. Absorbed in thought, he still continued his pacing up and down, probably to the amusement of some of the performers, while they waited for their *cues*. After Mrs. MATTOCKS had spoken the epilogue, and while she was receiving the congratulations of the company, he came up to her "with measur'd steps and slow," exhibiting more the appearance of a corpse than of a living creature, and seizing both her hands pressed them between his, exclaiming at the same time, "Heaven bless you! heaven bless you! to you I owe much of the success which has attended this evening's performance."

He then turned to Mr. Harris, and with a sensibility, frequently the concomitant of genius, described the agitation of his mind, of which his disordered frame and tremulous accents were indeed sufficient evidences.

We can remember being particularly struck with the excellent performance of Mrs. M. in LADY RACKET; but we think in the arduous part of LADY RESTLESS, who, it has been observed, is much more correctly a jealous wife than Mrs. OAKLEY, she so strongly depicted that passion, she was so far beyond every other performer, and so truly what the author intended, that we must deem it not only her best character, but the most finished piece of acting that has perhaps ever been seen.*

It has been the peculiar happiness of the life of Mrs. MATTOCKS, that she has repeatedly been distinguished by the royal patronage: favours of this nature are the most grateful that mortals can receive; they excite all the sensibility of the human bosom, and expand into gratitude far, far indeed, beyond the limited power of expression.† M.

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* Performed, 1777.

† Ne'er does the gentle rose revive so soon,
But bath'd in *Nature's tears* it droops till noon.
Sheridan's Epilogue to Semiramis.

‡ This epilogue was written purposely for Mrs. M.; and the applause she received in it stamped her character in this line of speaking.

* Of the same opinion were the diurnal critics with respect to Mrs. M. We can remember it was said, "Her Lady Restless was a most admirable piece of acting; never was the passion of jealousy more strongly depicted or more admirably supported: upon her every appearance, the scene was animated, and the audience enchanted."

† Our limited space precludes us from inserting the elegant prologue, by Mrs. BARBAULD, on the opening of the new theatre at Liverpool. It shall appear among the poetical articles in our next Magazine.

VESTIGES,

COLLECTED AND RECOLLECTED,

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

No. LXII.

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND MORAL VIEW OF ANCIENT AND MODERN LONDON.

WITH NOTES, &c.

Chapter XXVII.

ENDEAVOURING, as we have, from the commencement of this part of our Vestiges to the present number, when we have in view their conclusion, to trace our metropolitan history through every medium that it was possible to be traced, and pursuing, in our desultory course, the various vicissitudes of civic declension and civic improvement, we come now to an era when the tempest which had so long lowered in the atmosphere burst at once upon the kingdom, and, as has already been hinted, not only caused a total change in the habits and manners of the people, but in a concomitant degree affected their commercial concerns, and impressed upon the surrounding nations of Europe a new idea of their character. The cruel contentions that raged so long betwixt the houses of York and Lancaster are said to have thrown back civilization more than a century, and to have introduced a rudeness of manners, and a kind of domestic inurbanity, which had not totally receded even at the end of the reign of Elizabeth; as the few colloquial traits that we have of the conversation of those times are coarse, nay the epistolary correspondence of even the ministers and courtiers of that princess is far from exhibiting many specimens of elegance or refinement. Though the poets did much toward the blandishment of society, it was impossible that they could do every thing; and we fear that the character of literary men, however high their rank, was not held in sufficient estimation to render their documents objects of very general attention.*

The introduction of what are, with great propriety, termed the polite arts,

romance who had preceded him. Whether they constructed their compositions upon the models of the Italian school, or drew their plans from the prolific sources of domestic characters and events, there is in them a latitude of sentiment, and a *breadth* of expression, incompatible with our ideas of decency. Spenser, who has, with an unbounded exuberance of genius, wandered in the flowery fields of fiction, and soared to the utmost altitude of allegory, was, though equally refined in his ideas, still less attentive to the elegant polish of his diction than even Sidney; indeed, in his pastorals, which approach nearer to the level of domestic life than his other compositions, he seems to have affected roughness of expression, when the subject ought to have excited the effusions of harmony. Unlike his master, VIRGIL, (*a*) his shepherds and clowns constantly appear in their *working dresses*, and, however important the occasion, are seldom seen in their *holiday clothing*; for although the images in even the fourth eclogue, in praise of the fair ELIZA, are classical and elegant, the language is more uncouth than the general diction of the age warranted, e. g.

" Of faire Elisa be your silver song,
That blessed wight,
The flowre of virgins, may she flourish long
In princely plight.
For she is SYRINX daughter without spot,
Which PAN, the shepheard's god, of her begot:
So sprung her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortal blemish may her blot."

Of SHAKSPEARE, as a refiner of the English language, what shall we say? or, rather, what can we add to that which has been already said? His genius, like the sublimed spirit of nitre, had the power of extracting gold from substances however heterogeneous. His language seems to have been divided into three classes of style. The most elevated was not, perhaps, exactly the diction of kings, princes, and peers in his age, but it was, upon every subject, exactly as they ought to have spoken. His medium conversation, in which much of his elegant humour resides, is (generally speaking) peculiarly chaste and characteristic. His lower species of dialogue, which depended upon vernacular idioms, was that

* SIDNEY, SPENSER, and SHAKSPEARE, are certainly to be considered among the most eminent, though not the most early, refiners of English literature: but the two first were rather the refiners of ideas than of language. The ARCADIA of Sidney, although it blends the manners of the *pastoral*, the *heroic*, and the *feudal* ages, gives to them all that kind of delicacy which is much wanted in the works of the poets and writers of

(*a*) How far Spenser carried his imitation of the precursor of *Virgil*, *Theocritus*, it is not necessary here to inquire; it is not to his genius but his *language* that we point our observations. This was criticised by *Gabriel Harvey*, and defended by E. K. in 1579:—by which defence we learn, that many of his expressions were *then* reckoned *uncouth*.

in the reigns of James I. and Charles I. contributed more toward the softening our national character * than had for ages antecedent been effected: therefore it is, among many other circumstances of still greater importance attendant upon the rebellion that now burst forth, to be lamented, that civilization was again impeded, and a coarseness of manners revived that seemed to recall those dreadful times when England had before

> " Shew'd like a matron butcher'd by her sons,"

At this period the regicides appear to have finished what the hypocrites had begun. When we consider how soon national establishments, the growth of ages, and the envy of Europe, were broken down, and trampled in the dust; how soon the palaces of the MONARCH became the mansions of the USURPER, and the temples of the ALMIGHTY either stables for horses, barracks for soldiers, or forums for the promulgation of treason; shall we, for a moment, wonder at the inferior changes that were effected?

The splendor and brilliancy of the city of London seemed, at once, eclipsed; solemnity and gloom pervaded her streets: all those elegant articles, the offspring of ingenuity, the stimulus to industry, and the means of existence to thousands and tens of thousands of her ingenious artizans and manufacturers, were now denounced from the pulpits, as " the baits of Satan," " the trappings of vanity," and " the deluders to destruction," and were consequently withdrawn from her shops*: the comforts, at least

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part of diction in which he seems to have luxuriated, and, whether it floated in the *inferior* atmosphere of the times, or emanated from his own genius, was particularly calculated to convey that agreeable property, *humour*, with which his works so much abound. In short, as his language has suffered so small an alteration in the course of two centuries since their production, we may, without any violation of propriety, deem him the father of modern English.

* In a disquisition of this nature, every thing that tends to elucidation becomes important. We have before, from dramatic and other authors, endeavoured to give a sketch of old city manners, in which we must candidly observe, that, during the peaceful times of the first Stuart, a considerable relaxation prevailed; a consequent evil attendant upon a general good. Some further light, and from much higher authority than any which we have yet quoted, is thrown upon the diversions and amusements of London and its vicinity, and indeed on the general customs of the age, by a grant from King James (1620) to Clement Cottrell, Esq. groom-porter of the household, to license a limited number of places for the *use* of cards, dice, bowling-allies, tennis-courts, and such like *diversions*, viz. within London and Westminster, and the suburbs of the same, twenty-four bowling-allies; in Southwark, four; in St. Catherine's, one; in the *towns* of Lambeth and South Lambeth, two; in Shoreditch, one; and in every other burg, town, village, or hamlet, within two miles of the cities of London and Westminster, one bowling-alley. Also within the said cities of London and Westminster, and within two miles thereof, fourteen tennis-courts. And to keep at play at dice and cards forty taverns or ordinaries within the said limits, " *for* the honest and reasonable recreation of good and civil people, whoe, for their qualitie and abilitie, may lawfully use the games of bowling, tennis, dice, cardes, tables, nine-holes, or any other game hereafter to be invented."—[*Fœdera*, v. xvii. p. 238.]

How this indulgence could have been granted in the teeth of the statute 33 *Hen.* 8. *c.* 9, (which enacts, that " No person shall, for his *gain*, *lucre*, or *living*, keep any common house, alley, or place of bowling, coiting, cloysh, cagles, half-bowl, tennis, dicing, tables, or carding, or any other game, prohibited by statute heretofore made, or any unlawful new game, upon pain to forfeit every day 40s." *sect.* 11) it is not for us to say. The case 3 *Jac.* 1. (*b*) certainly does not come within the meaning of it; but here was a grant to houses kept for *gaming*, *lucre*, or *gain*.

(*b*) Dalton, c. 46.

* The city, at this period, must have exhibited a very singular appearance. The proscription of most of the elegant articles both of furniture and of dress, must have been almost totally destructive to the higher species of domestic traffic. In the reigns antecedent to the great rebellion, the fashions of France had constantly found their way into the metropolis of England. In the Exchanges, OLD and NEW, all was flutter and finery: velvets, silks, and satins, gold and silver lace, embroidery, feathers, flowers, roses, and ribands, plate, jewels, and trinkets, were in a daily course of exhibition. All these costly articles were at once swept into the vortex which the confusion and hypocrisy of the times created; and the clothing, it might be said the *livery* of the public, became at once *sable*: so that the shops of the drapers and the mercers must have displayed the appearance of a *general mourning*. That the people had sufficient occasion to mourn for the effects of their own folly and their own perfidy, there is no doubt. At this

in public, followed the elegances of life; though it has been stated, that, *in private*, the relaxations of the people were greater than ever: but even domestic splendor (for elegance was out of the question) was always accompanied by the most absurd solemnity: and we have an idea, although it certainly appears a solecism, that all attempts at external grandeur were only productive of internal gloom: the magnificence of the houses of the most opulent (for some there were who attempted to combine sanctity and magnificence) must have appeared like the illuminated chambers at a funeral, and their guests, arrayed *in black*, like mourners called upon to attend a *lying in state*. On those times we should be much disposed to extend our observations, had they not, as rebellion increased in atrocity, been succeeded by others that were still worse, which are, with respect to the actors in them, so correctly characterised by Fenton, as to have anticipated much that we had to say upon the subject.

" An age most odious and accurs'd ensu'd,
Discolour'd by a pious monarch's blood;
Whose fall when first the tragic virgin saw,
She fled, and left her province to the law."*

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period, while the *plate* vanished from the windows of the goldsmiths, part of it was *melted* into monthly, nay weekly, contributions, and much of it buried in the earth; for the confidence between man and man, the basis of which is loyalty, was destroyed. From the sensations of his own bosom, as each citizen knew his neighbour to be a hypocrite, he *suspected* him to be a *rogue*: and that this kind of suspicion spread from the inferior to the higher classes of society, that is, higher in their usurped domination, was evinced by the failure of many projects which had the patronage of government: but as these are well known, we shall only record two of them, because they were afterwards pre-eminently successful; these were, the making promissory notes transferable from man to man, so as to circulate as modern notes do; and the proposal for a national bank in London, and perhaps a hundred subordinate banks in different parts of England, all centering in the principal bank in the metropolis. (*c*)

(*c*) In the year 1694, when the people derived the greatest security to their property, and the greatest confidence in each other, from the benign influence of a monarchical government, these two projects were consolidated in THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

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* This, though it is certainly introduced by a circumstance of too much solemnity for the subject, is an allusion to the suppression of theatrical amusements, which, from the time of the first rise of the Puritans, had been the objects of their greatest detestation. As wits seldom know, or at least *consult*, their own interest, we will not aver that our early dramatic poets did not, in a great degree, draw down the vengeance of the sectarians upon themselves. SHAKSPEARE, supposing him to have been the author of "The PURITAN; or, the Widow of WATLING-STREET," (*d*) had, in the characters of SIMON SP. ANTLINS, NICHOLAS ST. MARY OVERIES, in the incident of *nimming* the gold chain, and in many other of the characters and circumstances of that piece, offended the party against which his satire was levelled beyond all hopes of forgiveness. Jonson, in the curious consideration of ANANIAS and TRIBULATION, (*e*) which ended in a resolution of the elders, upon a case of conscience, that though *coining* was unsanctified, yet *casting* of DUCATS was to be deemed lawful; the idea of Sir EPICURE MAMMON, of taking the lead off the churches, and *converting* it into GOLD, saying, at the same time,

" Let them stand bare, as do their auditory, (*f*)
Or have them capp'd with shingles,"

which was a sneer at those who laboured for the demolition not only of the buildings but the hierarchy that had, it is probable, excited against him and his writings, and against " *the Devil's workhouses*," for so they called the theatres, very considerable indignation, which was greatly increased by the representation of that exquisite picture of local humour, or *humours*, " the Comedy of Bartholomew Fair." In his character of "ZEAL-OF-THE-LAND BUSY," a Banbury elder, to whose other *virtues* he adds that of inordinate gluttony, he inflamed the whole horde of *Banbury saints*, while the dispute betwixt

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(*d*) This, it is hardly necessary to state, is one of the seven plays that have been rejected by the commentators. Why? they know better than we do. It certainly has considerable humour, although of the broadest kind; and though not in the usual style of Shakspeare, it ought to be remembered, that his genius was equal to every style. If he did not write it, who did?

(*e*) Alchymist.

(*f*) The Puritans, among other reverend and polite habits, wore their hats during divine service in their conventicles.

Her merry sister still pursued the game;
Her garb was alter'd, but her gifts the same.
She first reform'd the muscles of her face,
And learn'd the solemn screw for signs of grace;
Then circumcis'd her locks, and form'd her tone
By humming to a tabor and a drone;
Her eyes she disciplin'd precisely right,
Both when to wink, and how to turn the white;
Thus banish'd from the stage, she gravely next
Assum'd the cloak, and quibbled o'er a text;
But when, by miracle of mercy shewn,
Much-suffering CHARLES regain'd his father's throne,
When peace and plenty overflow'd the land,
She straight pull'd off her satin cap and band."

Fenton's Poems, 8vo. 1717, *p.* 71.

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him and the puppet Dionisius, beginning with,

"*Busy.* First I say unto thee, idol, thou hast no calling.

"*Puppet D.* You lie! I am call'd Dionisius."

equally irritated the metropolitan sectarians, of which, from a hint that appears in the prelude, he seems to have had an idea, though not attended with any apprehension that they would "censure by contagion;" though still less could he believe that they would cause that long suspension of theatrical amusements which, in the subsequent course of years, followed. Randolph, on the contrary, seems to have had a presentiment of what, soon after his comedy of the Muses' Looking-glass was played, (*g*) actually took place; so that the denunciations of FLOWERDEW may be deemed prophetic.

"*Flowerd.* It was a zealous prayer
I heard a brother make concerning play-houses.

"*Bird.* For charity, what is it?

"*Flowerd.* That the *Globe*,
Wherein (quoth he) reigns a whole world of vice,
Had been consum'd; the *Phœnix* burnt to ashes;
The *Fortune* whipp'd for a blind whore; *Black Fryars*,
He wonders how it 'scap'd demolishing
I'th'time of Reformation. Lastly, he wish'd
The *Bull* might cross the *Thames* to the *Bear Garden*,
And there be soundly baited." (*h*)

(*g*) Viz. in 1638.

(*h*) It was a complaint of a writer, 1629, that seventeen play-houses had been built in sixty years.

To quote the opinions of the best writers of the times respecting the great rebellion, would be as useless as endless: however, it must give pleasure to every loyal bosom, to observe, that, with the exceptions of Milton, and that genius who, for his political and poetical sins, obtained the appellation of *weather-cock* WALLER, the Muses all ranged on the side of royalty, and that consequently the *absurdities* of the *Precisians* met with as little quarter in the works of those who delighted to wander in the flowery paths of wit and humour, as their *crimes* did in the volumes of those whose genius stimulated them to more important labours, who dipped their pens in the historic stream, and *marked* the characters of the greatest monsters, the vilest assassins that the world had then seen, for the detestation of posterity.*

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* The state of the metropolis antecedent to the republican explosion shews the pains that had been taken to stimulate the people to acts of violence, which, from London, their centre, spread their malignant rays over the whole nation. The editor of the "Account of the Proceedings against the EARL OF STRAFFORD, 1641," says, "You may hereby understand the constitutions of the two *kingdoms*, which were then in a most strange and preternatural *fermentation*, a *sick stomach* nauseating at *pleasant* and *wholesome meat*, the *body politick* growing hot and *feavourish*, in strange *jactations* and *unquietnesses*, wilfully refusing and scorning the advice of a most skilful *Æsculapius*."

This, though a quaint, is unquestionably a true picture of the times, of which there is an authentic record extant, in a paper which in this manner *proscribes* those who, in either house of parliament, were eminent for their loyalty.

"A Copy of a Paper posted up at the Wall of Sir *William Brunkard's House*, in the *Old Palace Yard*, in *Westminster*, *Monday*, *May* 3, 1641.

The Names of the Straffordians posted.

1. Lord Digby.
2. Lord Compton.
3. Lord Buckhurst.
4. Sir Robert Hatton.
5. Sir Thomas Fanshawe.
6. Sir Edward Alford.
7. Sir Nicholas Slanning.
8. Sir Thomas Danby.
9. Sir George Wentworth.
10. Sir Peter Wentworth.

And 35 other gentlemen therein named."

At the bottom is this HINT:—

"*This, and* MORE, *shall be done to the enemies of justice afore-written.*"

But the effects of their machinations upon the metropolis in particular are too well known to render a repetition necessary. We shall, therefore, only observe, as a subject of philosophical speculation, that, perhaps, in no age or nation was such a series of changes effected, in habits, modes, manners, principles, and things, as occurred from the beginning of the reign of James I. down to the revolution. If the arts fled before the swords of the INDEPENDENTS, commerce seems, in a considerable degree, to have accompanied them. Of this we have a statement in COWLEY's "Discourse on the Government of Oliver Cromwell;" too long, indeed, to quote; but from which we shall extract part of a passage that we deem applicable to our present purpose.

Respecting the war with Spain, says this elegant author, "how much have we gotten by it let the *Custom-house* and *Exchange* inform you; and if he" (Cromwell) "pleases to boast of taking part of the silver fleet (which, indeed, nobody but he, who was the sole gainer, has cause to do), at least let him give leave to the rest of the nation (which is the only loser) to complain of the loss of twelve hundred of her ships. But because it may here, perhaps, be answered, that his successes nearer home have extinguished the disgrace of so remote miscarriages, and that DUNKIRK ought more to be remembered for his glory than ST. DOMINGO for his disadvantage; I must confess, as to the honour of *English* courage, that they were not wanting upon this occasion (excepting only the disgrace of serving, at least indirectly, against their master) to the upholding the renown of their warlike ancestors. But for his particular share of it, who sate still at home, and exposed them so frankly abroad, I can only say, that for less money than he, in the short time of his reign, exacted from his fellow-subjects, some of our former princes (with the daily hazard of their own persons) have added to the dominions of *England* not only one town, but a greater kingdom than itself. And this being all that is considerable concerning his enterprises abroad, let us examine, in the next place, how much we owe him for his justice and good government at home. And, first, he found the commonwealth (as then they called it) in ready stock about 80,000*l.* he left the commonwealth (as he had the impudent raillery still to call it) some two millions and a half in debt. He found our trade very much decayed indeed, in respect to the golden times of our late princes; he left it as much again more decayed than he found it; and yet not only no prince in *England*, but no tyrant in the world, never sought out more base or infamous means to raise moneys."—*Cowley's Works, folio, Appendix, p.* 12.

The principal feature of those times being what the authors of the confusion chose to term RELIGION, the derangement that it produced in parochial affairs, and in parochial churches, is hardly to be conceived.

In that of St. James, Clerkenwell, an opposition was begun which is *remembered* to the present hour. "TINGLE, the churchwarden, was ordered to take possession of the church, and to keep out every clergyman that attempted to enter, until a choice was made." SPARK (an Independent) does not seem to have been included in this prohibition.

"The tumultuous proceedings which had long distracted the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, were restored to order, 1659."

In the register of marriages in this church occurs the following entry:—

"MARRIED.

"1620, Aug. 20, OLIVER CROMWELL and ELIZABETH BOUCHIER."

There have been few characters so applauded, or so censured, as that of this hypocritical usurper. So much has been already written, that it precludes us from wasting much ink upon the subject. Yet such is the present situation of Europe, that men, in contemplating the transactions at the close of the last and the rise of this century, will, from a diabolical kind of co-

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In consequence of this placard, it may be supposed, a most violent and tumultuous mob assembled around the two houses of parliament: the *Straffordians*, as they were termed, were obliged to abscond; and such was the insane fury of the people, that it is said one of their leaders called out, "If we have not the lieutenant's (*h*) life, we will have the king's!" This man, though taken and sent to the Gate-house, was yet suffered to escape punishment!!!

(*h*) The Earl of Strafford, lord lieutenant of Ireland.

incidence, naturally revolve on those that occurred about the middle of the seventeenth: and it is curious enough to observe, that the present era has done more than all the preceding, aided by the talents of all the writers in favour of anarchy had, for almost two ages, effected, to restore CROMWELL, the hero of that period, to some kind of *toleration*,* by shewing us that, great as his crimes were, they might still be surpassed, and that Europe might be afflicted with a *scourge* co-extensive to the domination of France.

The enthusiasm of the people had certainly prepared the way for all those horrors, and the consequent usurpation that ensued. The metropolis, which had taken the lead in the enormities of the times, beheld her sons inflamed to a pitch of fury which, in all the antecedent contentions, those betwixt the families of York and Lancaster for instance, they had never exhibited. The different tradesmen, instead of attending to their lawful occupations, paraded the streets in bodies: business was suspended; and having the phantom of an enemy displayed to them in the person of one of the best of monarchs, they proceeded to defend the city against him. In this notable undertaking they were supported and encouraged by the vestries of the different parishes in the metropolis, the inhabitants of which, in general, during the course of the year 1614, swore to and subscribed the solemn league and covenant for reformation, defence of religion, &c.*

* Opinions change with times. In the year 1659 was published a small work, entitled, "A Portraiture of his Royal Highness OLIVER, late Lord Protector, &c. in his Life and Death. A Description of his lying-in-state at Somerset-house, and the Manner of his Funeral Solemnity, on Tuesday, Nov. 23, 1659. Printed for Edward Thomas, at the Adam and Eve, Little Britain" This book has a frontispiece, in which the effigy of the Protector is represented in royal robes, crowned, &c. In this publication the *rust* is entirely rubbed off the original of Cromwell, his family *highly polished*, and himself emblazoned, and adorned with every talent and every virtue that could dignify the character of the monarch and the man.—Let us now see how he appears in another, entitled, "FLAGELLUM; or, the Life, Death, Birth, and Burial of OLIVER CROMWELL, the late Usurper, fully described. Printed for Randal Taylor, at the Crown, Little Britain." This author (except in one instance) can say nothing against the family of the usurper; but with respect to himself, he seems to have taken "the Portraiture" like a *witch's prayer*, and read it backward. It is, in fact, a picture reversed: the high lights of the one become the deepest shades in the other. The author of the *Flagellum* has extracted all the virtues out of the *Portraiture*, and planted a treble portion of vices in their stead. We are, therefore, inclined to believe, that the original was neither quite *so good*, nor quite *so bad*, as those authors have represented him; though if our opinions *lean*, it is rather to the latter, because we understand that all the charges exhibited against him were not only admitted by his friends, but brought forward to display the sable ground of sin on which was erected his mansion of Godliness. "The greater the sinner the greater the saint," appears to have been their maxim.

* In that very excellent comedy, "The Committee;" for although it has been said, by the editor of the *Biographia Dramatica*, that it has no great merit as to the writing (an opinion which, if this were a proper place, we should controvert), we deem it excellent, in two essential points: first, that it exhibits a faithful picture of the manners of its age; and, second, that its author has, in TEAGUE, introduced a character founded upon the basis of truth and nature, at that time new to the stage. This very singular compound of honesty, humour, absurdity, and affection, it is observed in the piece, takes the covenant in the *only way* it ought to have been taken, that is, by knocking the hawker of it down and seizing his papers; for it will be recollected, that "this Solemn League" was, with the utmost industry, circulated round, and dispersed through every part of the island; and although sold at the low price of a *halfpenny*, it is said to have produced more profit than all the works that had before been published. Every person made him or herself acquainted with it before they went to the vestries to be sworn: and it is a curious circumstance, that in those proceedings the SCOTCH mode of swearing, with the hand lifted up, was adopted. Thus Butler says, Hudibras

"*Held up* his affidavit hand."

The people were sworn in classes; as,

MEN.

Householders—their sons—servants.

WOMEN.

Wives or widows—daughters—*maids*, or servants.

These were called upon in the most solemn manner, either to exercise their political judgment, or to rely upon their own credulity, and to declare that "they *believe* that the forces raised by the two houses of parliament were raised and continued for their

In the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster, it appears by the churchwardens' accounts, from which we have extracted the entries quoted in the note, that that CITY, or, as it is termed, TOWN, was, like LONDON, put into as good a state of defence as the circumstances of the case would admit.*

The disorders of those times, the prevalence of fanaticism, and the abandonment of even common sense, may be traced in the annals of many other parishes that have survived the great conflagration, which, there is no question, destroyed thousands of instances of enormities that would have shocked the present generation: still, as the existing documents are copious, as the subject is curious, and, as a *memento*, useful, we could wish to quote many that have been

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just defence, and for the defence of the true *protestant* religion, and liberties of the subject, against the forces raised by the king." (*h*)

		£.	s.	d.
*1642	Receipts of moneys collected towards the payment for the building of the courts of guard, making posts and chains, and other works for the safety of the town, *summa*.....	50	0	0
Oct. 15.	Paid to Richard Vesey, for the carpenter's work of the floore over the stairs, where the powder and match lyeth	1	15	0
Nov. 3.	Given to the officers of the Tower of London, and labourers who delivered the powder, bullets, and matches.....	0	14	0

If the Independents of those times did not, as Mr. Burke says, "Unplumb the dead to cast bullets to fire at the living," it appears that their rapacity and avarice, stimulated by the same ideas, induced them to lead the way to the same object; and although they did not extend their, we will not term it savage ferocity (for all nations, however barbarous, respect the manes of their ancestors), but, therefore, their *horrid* ferocity, quite so far, yet their impiety urged them to violate the rite of sepulture, and to commit sacrilege upon the tombs of those to whom many of them, perhaps, owed their existence.

This will be seen by the following entries in the churchwardens' accounts of the same parish.

		£.	s.	d.
1644	Paid for 29 pound of fine brasse, at 4d. a pound, and 96 pound of coarse brasse, at 3d. a pound, taken from sundrie tombe-stones in the church (*i*)	1	13	8
1644	Another entry of the same nature occurs in the churchwardens' accounts of the parish of St. Augustin, Farringdon Within, viz. the grave-stones were deprived of their brazen insignia, and one shilling was paid for taking them up	0	1	0
	The rails before the altar (probably brass) gave *equal* offence, and were taken down.			
1647	Another trait of the temper of the times occurs in the accounts of the churchwardens of St. Margaret, Westminster, in the following item:—			
	Paid in fees to Mr. Friend and Mr. Denham, twoe of the messengers unto the sergeant at arms attending the commons house of parliament, when these accoumptants (*k*) were committed for permitting ministers *to preach upon Christmas Day*, and for adorning the church (*l*)..	3	0	0

(*h*) A little subsequent to the middle of the last century, a Grub-street *drama* was published, entitled, "HONESTY IN DISTRESS, but relieved by no Party." In this small piece, the principal character was HONESTY, personified, who made applications to different representatives of parties without success, and, as far as the idea rests on memory not very tenacious, we think that the satire, if there was any in it, was launched a century too late. Had it been written at the time to which we allude, and the appellation *parties* changed to *sects*, it might have properly designated the character of that period.

(*i*) St. Margaret.

(*k*) The churchwardens.

(*l*) With Christmas; a custom which had been established from the period of the conversion of the Saxons, and tolerated by the most zealous of the reformers, both in this and other countries: however, the rendering churches cheerful, by adorning them with large bunches and festoons of vegetables which Providence seems peculiarly to have adapted to the dreary seasons of December and January, was now deemed *popish* and *antichristian*. The puritans, it will be remembered, had altered the appellation of the festival of Christmas to Christide.

collected, but must, for reasons sufficiently obvious, content ourselves with the introduction of a few more notices.

In the parish of St. Martin, Ludgate, a vestry was summoned, and a committee appointed,

1643, "To make choice of an able divine in the room of Dr. Jermin, who was lately voted from his place.

"1646, June 29. At a general vestry held this day, it was unanimously consented, that the ordinance of government touching the Presbyterians should go forward, and be put in execution."*

The pulpit was soon after this removed, and placed against the altar-piece, where, says a resolution of the vestry in 1660, at a period when they seem to have been recovering from their long paroxysm of insanity, "*it quite shaded the ten commandments.*"

It would be an unpleasing, and not, as we conceive, a very useful task, to trace the records of the several companies in the city, and see in what manner those estimable bodies of men, who had, by a long series of ingenuity and industry, not only arisen to opulence themselves, but been the cause of the opulence of the nation, were continually drained of their money, either in the shape of *loans*, neither the principal nor interest of which were ever intended to be paid, or in the more open and bold method of contributions to the monthly assessments. But were we more at length to detail those transactions, it could only operate in one point of view, namely, in shewing that the crimes of those people against the best of monarchs were completely punished by the heaviest penalties, by having the accumulations of their industry torn from them by the worst of tyrants, in order to gratify the avarice, and administer to the ambition, of the lowest, and *then* the most barbarous of mankind.

Yet as dragging the vices of those times again into the face of day could not, as we have hinted, operate much upon the present, because it would be a warning exhibited where it is not wanted, therefore we shall rather, in aid of the philosophy of these speculations, endeavour to display the revolutions that took place in the public mind during those periods of turbulence and hypocrisy; and as a very few instances will, upon this occasion, suffice to corroborate many that are afloat respecting the general laxity of principles, then, alas! too prevalent, we shall extract those from the records of the Stationers' Company; a body of men who, without meaning any disrespect to our other civic institutions of the same nature, must, from the nature of their profession, have been the most enlightened of any included within the ample verge of the walls of London.

Stationers' Company.

Among the entries in the records of Stationers' Hall, the following notices occur:—

"1641. Precept from the Lord Mayor† for the master, wardens, and ten of the *most gracefull* of the company, to attend on horseback in their best array, with footmen, to receive the King at his return from Scotland, and attend him through the city."

This indicated loyalty and respect; but soon, alas! the scene was changed: *e. g.*

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* At the instances of ZEAL exhibited by the vestry of this parish, there is little cause to wonder, when we recollect, that most part of the inhabitants of the BLACK FRIARS, that lies in it, were PURITANS, or, as they called themselves, THE ELECT. Indeed it had, from the days of Elizabeth, (*m*) been considered as the *hot bed* of that sect. THE FRIARS was, at that time, a kind of *Drapery*, or *Cloth Fair*. Many of the shopkeepers were tailors and hose (breeches) makers; professions that exceedingly distinguished themselves in the religious controversies of those periods; which was probably the reason why Butler makes Squire RALPH of that trade.

"An equal stock of wit and valour
He had laid in, by *birth* a tailor."
Hudibras, canto 1st.

(*m*) In the reign of this queen, "one Robert Flower, tailor, dwelling in the Black Friars, was, by the aldermen, committed to one of the compters for making *monstrous great hosen*, contrary to the queen's express proclamation." It puzzled us a little to discover the reason why Elizabeth had such an aversion to *large breeches*, but at last we found it arose from her antipathy to Spain. Trunk hosen were a part of the Spanish military dress: they were cried down by proclamation, ridiculed on the stage, and reprobated by all the wits of those times; but we think without effect.

* Robert Clopton, draper.

† We hope this curious precept was not the occasion of any dispute. Had our present chief magistrate issued such a mandate, so many would have a right to claim the advantage of it, that it might, perhaps, be mooted which ten were the *most graceful*.

"1643, On account of the present distractions, there shall be no dinner on May 6th, commonly called LAMB'S FEAST,* nor procession or livery gowns, only the company to meet at St. Faith's, to hear the sermon."

"1650, Precept from the Lord Mayor,† ordering the company to substitute the arms of the commonwealth for those of the late king, and to remove the king's picture, and all monarchic arms, out of the hall."

"—— The company ordered to attend the Lord Mayor‡ to Westminster in their barge, and to display the arms of the commonwealth."

"1654, In consequence of a precept from the Lord Mayor for the company's rails to be set in the street, and the livery to attend in their gowns and hoods, on February 8th, when the Lord Protector goes to dine at Grocers' Hall, orders were given accordingly, and the wardens to provide cloth to adorn the rails."

Among the records of the parish of St. Stephen, Coleman-street,§ there is extant an ordinance, dated December 9, 1641, for the suppression of the disturbances created by the BROWNISTS or SEPARATISTS; in which it is stated, that four men were brought before the House of Commons, for making a *hub-bub* in the Hall (Westminster), crying down *Antichrist* and the BISHOPS. We consider this, connected with the violent proceedings of the apprentices, as a valuable document, because it shews to what a height of fury, and indeed insanity, the sober citizens of London had arrived, and the prevalence of the worst passions that could operate upon the human mind, even among the higher orders of the people; while it insinuates an intentional *laxity* of police, from the east to the west ends of the metropolis, or such disorders, which small exertions might have strangled in their birth, would never have been suffered to gather to such an enormous head. It also shews (which indeed was the reason why we have collected these few notices of enormities, out of volumes now lying before us, that ought to make us blush for the crimes of our ancestors, as they in rapid succession stain the historic page) that the public mind has, in former ages, always had some symbolical or verbal stimulus. In the early periods after the Norman Conquest it was the CROSS: in the middle ages, the CROWN OF FRANCE; a little later, the WHITE and RED ROSES. From the time of Elizabeth, ZEAL was the word, which, from a beginning apparently small, in the middle of the seventeenth century, burst into a volcanic explosion. When the *lava* of this was stopped in its destructive course, LIBERTY became the watch-word of party. What success this had through the last century is well known; but it would scarcely be believed, did not stubborn facts afford us substantial proofs of the truth of the proposition, that all those great national convulsions are typified in the paltry and nefarious proceedings of

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* WILLIAM LAMB, of whom we have largely spoken in another part of these Vestiges, was a benefactor to the Stationers' Company. He also left 6l. 13s. 4d. *per ann.* for the *perpetual* relief of the poor of St. Faith's under St. Paul's. With regard to those meetings called Lamb's feasts, we should have been glad to have seen some of the *bills of fare*, because we very much suspect that a *seasonable* FUN was *practised*, and that consequently LAMB was the principal dish.

† Thomas Foot, grocer.

‡ Sir Thomas Viner, goldsmith. This magistrate was, we think, the father of Sir Robert Viner, mayor 1675, who had the honour to entertain Charles II. and the misfortune to have it stand upon record that he got exceedingly drunk in the exercise of his hospitality.

§ COLEMAN-STREET, as has, in a preceding number of these Vestiges, been shewn, was, in times antecedent, the mart of fashionable articles, and the resort of civic loungers. It is a curious circumstance, that BEN JONSON makes *Justice* CLEMENT, and, we think, *Justice* OVERDO, both residents in Coleman-street; though he must have known, that the former could neither have taken the examinations in the case of KITELY, BOBADIL, &c. nor the latter have observed the *enormities* of BARTHOLOMEW FAIR with any effect: both being within the city of London. Did the caution of BEN suggest to him, that it was safer to bring the *justices* of *Middlesex* upon the stage than the *aldermen* of *London*? If he was so prudent, the same caution was not observed by his successors: but, in fact, his caution was ridiculous, as it has led him into two solecisms, which a little attention to district police would have prevented, without any injury to the humour of the pieces in which those characters operate. Before we take leave of this spot, we must observe, that adjacent to it (in the Old Jewry), at the beginning of the last century, lived in a very magnificent house Baron Suasso, a Jew, so extremely wealthy, and withal so extremely liberal, that he obtained the appellation of the PRINCE OF THE JEWS. How he came by the title of BARON, though we think he is not the only instance of it among his nation, is less easy to be accounted for.

many *borough elections*, where a few artful and designing men have, in former times, been known to raise an *opposition*, solely with a view to profit by the confusion which such a circumstance is certain to create.

ZEMIRA;
OR,
THE FISHERMAN OF DELHI.

An ORIENTAL TALE.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

Chapter I.

GEHENABAD, as every one knows, is, or rather was, a town of considerable note in Indostan, ranging along the banks of the GEMENE, a river of less importance for its commerce than for its fishery, from the product of which not only its immediate vicinity, but the surrounding country, were supplied, and, consequently, employment afforded to abundance of fishermen.

This town, which rose upon the decline of DELHI, of which, though at first only a suburb, it became, under the auspices of CHA-JEHAN, secondly its rival, and afterward greatly its superior, was the residence of the Great Mogul, of the principal omrahs, and, of course, the higher order of the people; while DELHI, the capital, though distinguished by a palace magnificent even in its decline, was mostly inhabited by Hindoos of the inferior *casts*, or tribes, and among these a very large number of those whose living depended upon their aquatic exertions.

Having thus begun the topography of this story, it will, in order to complete it, be necessary to state, that against the impending walls of the north corner of the battlements of the ancient ivy-grown tower was placed the cottage of ZIFFER, a fisherman, who, to use his own language, had been the greater part of his life "striving against the stream," and was scarcely more remarkable for his industry than for his poverty.

On one of the most beautiful mornings of an oriental autumn, ZIFFER left his cottage, and, loaded with his nets, proceeded towards the river. When he arrived on the beach—which was just at the time that the oblique rays of the sun, shooting upward, began to gild the turrets of the palaces, the minarets of the mosques, and the tops of the trees which were dispersed within and without the adjacent cities, and contributed to form one of the most picturesque views that ever was delineated by the combined pencils of art and nature—every object around seemed to smile, except ZIFFER; for he, alas! found that, notwithstanding his alacrity, the tide had too far receded, and that his boat was left upon dry land.

Although he knew that to move his vessel required considerable efforts, he resolved to try what his own strength would effect. Foiled in this attempt, he looked around for assistance, but none of his companions were near: he then, with collected force, endeavoured to impel the boat toward the stream, but with as little success as before. Wearied at length with his repeated exertions, from which, he could not observe that he had derived any great advantage, he turned his face toward the brilliant luminary that was rapidly ascending, and at this instant an idea smote his mind, that his misfortune was occasioned by his having, in the eagerness of his pursuit after gain, forgotten to offer his morning orisons to the omnipotent Dispenser of light and heat, the father and protector of the mundane creation, whom it had diurnally been his custom to adore under the symbol of fire: he therefore instantly prostrated himself upon the earth, and, in a pious strain, poured forth his devotions. When he had finished his prayers he arose, and, to his great surprise, saw standing by him a man of a most ancient and venerable appearance. He seemed bowed with age, was dressed in a robe of brown tied with a red girdle, his locks were silvered by the hand of time, and his beard flowed upon his bosom, while he supported himself upon a staff. There was something in the figure of this man that involuntarily inspired the mind of ZIFFER with sentiments of awe and respect: he was about to prostrate himself again before him, when the sage took his hand, saying, "Hold, my son, and do not degrade the deity by addressing in a suppliant posture a man, perhaps, burthened with a greater load of sin than yourself: for I have listened with the utmost attention to your prayers, and find that at last you have done well; although you would have done much better, had your devotion been a pious impulse of your mind rather than an act of necessity

you had first neglected your religious duty, and then called upon the Almighty to enable you to effect what you found you had not sufficient corporeal power to perform."

"I confess, oh father!" cried ZIPPER, "that an ardent desire to procure the means of existence for my wife and children, was this morning the first sentiment of my mind. In the eager pursuit of my duty to them, I for a moment forgot my devotion to Him in whose hands we all are, and by whose benignity we all exist."

"I gathered the knowledge of this," returned the sage, "from your ejaculations; and as I rejoice to witness the humility of your repentance, I wish to behold what effect it has had upon your strength."

ZIPPER again put his shoulders to the vessel, which glided to the river with the celerity of an arrow from a bow. Upon which the sage observed, "You now, friend, perceive the efficacy of your piety: prayers are never urged in vain; they pass in an instant from the earth to the throne of mercy, which is seated in the highest heaven."

"This," returned ZIPPER, "I have this morning experienced; and the event of this blessed hour shall be a lesson to me for the remainder of my life, and warn me never to neglect my first duty."

"In this well-regulated frame of mind," said the sage, "I should be inclined to leave you, but that I wish a little to inquire into your domestic circumstances; therefore, as your time is your fortune, I will, in order to prevent a waste of this precious property, step on board your boat, which will also give me an opportunity to observe your professional success."

The ready ZIPPER instantly tore some branches from the surrounding trees, with which he formed a kind of awning for the sage; and when he had accommodated him in the best manner that circumstances would admit, he paddled his vessel into the mid-stream, and prepared to cast his net.

"You seem," observed the sage, "to be very poor."

"I am," returned ZIPPER; "this small vessel and ordinary tackle are nearly the whole of my property, and upon the success of this morning's draughts of fish the welfare of my family, perhaps, depends."

"Then," said the sage, "I little wonder at the anxiety with which you appear to pursue your occupation. Your task seems an arduous one. Have you not a son capable of affording you some assistance?"

"I have," replied the fisherman, "but he is ill."

He, during this dialogue, had drawn up his net, but found his labour unproductive: he threw a look of disappointment around, then lifted up his eyes toward heaven, and smote his breast.

The sage said and did all in his power to comfort the fisherman; and when he saw him a little more composed, advised him to cast his net again. ZIPPER prepared to obey him; and while he was clearing the meshes of the weeds with which they were entangled, the former observed, "My friend, you have twice mentioned your family: of how many persons does it consist?"

"I have," said ZIPPER, "a wife whom I dearly love, and five children, at home. I had, alas! a daughter, beautiful as the most beautiful of the virgins of DELHI. But she is lost! gone for ever!

"Where is she gone? How was she lost?" cried the sage.

"She was," continued ZIPPER, "seduced from her mother's arms by ATUE, the son of DARA, the rich merchant; and he has, I have been informed, carried her to a remote part of Indostan!"

"Could ATUE do this?" exclaimed the sage in the utmost agitation. "Could he seduce your daughter? Why did you not complain to his father?"

"Alas!" returned ZIPPER, "the complaints of a man so poor as myself would scarcely have ascended to the presence-chamber of one so rich as DARA."

"Yet," said the sage, "they have this morning ascended much higher. I am informed that DARA is benevolent, and even generous; though to have redressed your grievances would have been imperatively an act of justice. The punishment of his son, supposing your accusation of him was substantiated, would have been the discharge of a moral obligation, for which you had a claim upon him of the highest nature, and which I make no doubt but that he would have answered with the most rigid impartiality. What is your daughter's name?"

"ZEMIRA!" replied the fisherman,

who, during this time, had again drawn up his net, which, as he dragged it into the boat, seemed much heavier than before, though, upon an examination of its contents, he had the mortification to find that his stock of fish was but little increased by this second venture: at the same time, he discovered that the bulk and weight of his draught were produced by a large roll or bundle, which seemed of linen.

Astonished at this event, the fisherman turned his cargo from side to side: he was at first apprehensive that the corpse of an infant was concealed in it; but upon squeezing the water from it, this did not appear very likely. At length the sage said to him, "I have a curiosity to see that bundle, or roll of cloth, opened: perhaps you may find within it some articles of sufficient value to make you amends for your ill success this morning."

Little persuasion was necessary to induce ZIFFER to examine the roll more accurately: a moment served to open it: but the instant he had done so, horror was depicted on his countenance, the most violent emotions seized his frame, and a convulsive tremor operated upon his voice, while he exclaimed, "My daughter, my ZEMIRA's habiliments! Sure she is murdered!"

These dreadful words seemed to have nearly as great an effect upon the sage, who repeated them, and added, "But how is it possible that you should know the clothes of your daughter?"

"I know them well!" exclaimed ZIFFER; "here is her own work, nay her own name embroidered upon some parts of them. This pattern was her drawing; for, although in a low situation, her taste for the arts of design and painting was exquisite."

"Was she so accomplished?" asked the sage.

"She taught the females of the vicinity both drawing and music," cried the father: "a self-instructed genius, in works of fancy she was scarcely equalled. Had she been permitted to live at home with us, she would have raised and supported her whole family by her ingenuity. Oh heavens, what a loss!

"A loss indeed," said the sage. "What can atone for the loss of such a virgin to her friends, to her country?"

"And now lost!" continued ZIFFER: "seduced, inveigled from her parental cottage by ATUE, and basely destroyed!"

"Destroyed by ATUE!" exclaimed the sage, "impossible! If it were so, I would at once place myself in your situation; I would, even if I were his father, as I hinted before, take care that substantial justice should be executed upon him, and that all the amends possible should be made to you."

"ATUE is rich."

"There are others," continued the sage, "as rich as himself. I will in person undertake your cause, and, if it be necessary, appeal to the Divan. Every feeling of my heart ranges on your side; and if ATUE has been guilty of the crimes of which you suspect him, his riches, he shall find, shall avail him little; he shall, though exalted in his station and surrounded by his friends, be punished like the meanest, the most friendless, individual! However, although I know him to be voluptuous and inconsiderate, I have a better opinion of his morals than to suppose he could be deliberately guilty of such horrid crimes: therefore, as your efforts to obtain the means of existence have been this morning so unsuccessful, my advice is, that till this mysterious affair can be inquired into, you should relinquish your occupation. Your name, I think, is ZIFFER?"

"It is," returned the fisherman; "but if I relinquish my calling, who will support my family?"

"I will," returned the sage; "their ease and comfort shall be my care: and I fancy you will, in this respect, find them placed in better hands than your own. Receive for the present, O ZIFFER! this purse; it is full of gold."

"Of gold!" cried ZIFFER: "to whose benevolence do I owe this mass of wealth?"

"No matter! it is now your own!"

"Sure," exclaimed the fisherman, "you are a celestial being!"

"I do assure you," returned the sage, "that I am a mortal like yourself, a man of many faults, though a disregard to justice, and a want of generosity, are not, I hope, to be numbered among them."

"But your bounty is so immense!" said ZIFFER.

"Spend it freely, my friend," replied the sage: "gold has wings, and will fly faster than you are aware of. Before that is gone, I will supply you with more: therefore hasten to administer relief to your sick son, and to comfort your amiable wife and family."

"Shall I steer the boat to shore?"

"Not immediately," replied the

sage: "for however ardently I may wish you to return to your cottage, I have this instant observed what is in this part of the river rather an unusual sight. You see in the distance several vessels which are approaching toward us: as they come nearer, the foremost seems to be most superbly gilt and painted, and the others appear to be attendant barges."

"They unquestionably belong to some omrah of the court," said the fisherman.

"Well," continued the sage, "let them belong to whom they may, I have a strong impulse within that leads me to observe them; therefore do not give any additional motion to your boat till they approach the shore, to which they seem to be steering. I may then, perhaps, direct you to speak to the people in one of them."

An ADDITIONAL SCENE *to the* FARCE *of the* UPHOLSTERER.

BY JOSEPH MOSER, ESQ.

A barber's shop. Several wigs on blocks, weaving frames, &c. Children squalling without.

Enter RAZOR.

I TELL you, woman, to quiet the children!

Mrs. Razor (without). I tell you, man, they want bread: therefore hand me over the sixpence which the gentleman was so good as to give you for shaving him, because he said you looked as if you were starved.

Razor. Starved indeed! in a land of plenty.

Mrs. Razor (entering). Plenty of what?

Razor. Why—of news. We had two extraordinary gazettes yesterday—expect another this morning. Egad, if ministers go on so, they will do as well as if they possessed all the talents in the nation.

Mrs. Razor. What's this to the sixpence, dolt!

Razor. Nothing, vixen! but the sixpence was something to this: I received it as *a subsidy*, and, of course, converted it to my own use, or, rather, though that was abominably irregular, returned some of it to the use of government; for I spent it in the acquisition of political wisdom at the *Spread Eagle*; and, by-the-bye, the *Spread Eagle* might teach the whole nation a———

Mrs. Razor. Dolt! sot! driveller! must my children starve while you idle your time in listening to political nonsense? But I'll teach you——

[*Flies at him.*

Razor. Here's a reprobate! here's a jacobin in petticoats! here's an ignorant wretch, that knows no more of the true balance of power, and the critical situation of things, than one of my blocks.

Mrs. Razor. Wretch! Jacobin! I'll teach you better manners, however,

[*Snatches a frame-stick, and attempts to strike him; Razor gets behind a block.*

Razor. Here's a fury! she's knocked the parson's wig off the block, and so affronted the whole body of the clergy.

Mrs. Razor. I care not: I am angry enough with one of them for marrying us. However, I'll first settle accounts with you. [*Pursues him round the shop.*

Enter QUIDNUNC.

Quidnunc. Hey-day! What, have I come in the midst of "a barbarous civil war?" What, are you practising the light infantry manœuvres? Are you armed against each other for life?

Mrs. Razor. Let me come at him!

Quidnunc. What has he done, or neglected?

Mrs. Razor. Refused to supply his wife and family.

Quidnunc. Refusing the supplies is a very unconstitutional measure; it has not been practised since the year sixteen hundred forty***

Razor. The woman's mad! I only shut the exchequer.

Quidnunc. Worse and worse! The Cabal in****

Razor. Aye! but there was nothing in it.

Quidnunc. Then it was of no great consequence.

Razor. The last sixpence I had was spent in the service of my country—devoted to politics.

Quidnunc. You could not have devoted it to a nobler purpose, friend Razor.

Razor. So I told her: but the flame of rebellion was kindled, I could not make her listen to reason.

Quidnunc. Let me enter into a treaty of peace with her.

Razor. So you shall, when you're shaved.

Quidnunc. We are generally *shaved* after a PEACE; therefore, before we sign the preliminary article, I promise

your wife she shall have *all* the profit derived from it——

Mrs. Razor. Well, pay it into my hand, and I shall be content.

Razor. Here's an extortioner! wants a full indemnification before the treaty's signed.

Quidnunc. I think she is politically right; for if we do not get indemnity for the past, how can we expect security for the future: so here's sixpence! there, now go and extend the blessings of peace to the inferior powers, I mean your children.

Mrs. Razor. So I will! Nothing is so sure to produce peace as what has been deemed the sinews of war, *ready money!* [*Exit Mrs. Razor.*

Quidnunc. Aye, it will do any thing. That woman, had she been a little older, would have made an excellent minister, friend Razor; she seems to have a right notion of things.

Razor. Yes! I have taught her to see a little below the surface.

Quidnunc. Right! Dive to the bottom, ha!

Razor. True, the *chaff* of politics always floats upon the stream of popularity. But you want to be shaved.

Quidnunc. I do.

Razor. Sit down, I'll *lather* you in an instant. Mercy on us! you have a beard long and venerable as that of the Rabbi SOLOMON BEN SADDI: you're quite *razorable*, as Shakspeare says.

Quidnunc. Yes, I have ambushed *behind* my beard while I struck a great political stroke.

Razor (lathering him). Beards in all ages have indicated wisdom.

Quidnunc. Then you must be a fool to take them off.

Razor. No, they are the fools that let me.

Quidnunc. Right! but now for my stroke.

Razor. And now for mine.

[*Shaving him.*

Quidnunc. I have passed my last examination.

Razor. Good!

Quidnunc. Let my beard grow in order to look dismal.

Razor. Better!

Quidnunc. Cut the commissioners—Zounds! you have *cut* me!

Razor. That's not quite so well: however, *cut* for *cut* is fair play.

Quidnunc. I shall look as if I had been in a battle, though I would much rather read of one: but I don't mind myself when the public is concerned—Things appear black in the *South*.

Razor. Our PLATE's a little *tarnished*.

Quidnunc. A few specks *here* and *there*.

Razor. MILDEW and CANKER will *spot* the precious metals: however, they talk of giving them another *brush*, which may revive them.

Quidnunc. Yet we're *afloat* in the North.

Razor. What, the seventeen! ah ha! *safe* and *sound*, ah ha!

[*Rubbing his hands, and capering.*

Quidnunc. Yes! but while you dance like a boat upon the BALTIC, you let the water cool, friend Razor!

Razor. I hope that will not be the case elsewhere, because, if it cools, it may *freeze*, and then****

Quidnunc. The Danes, who have just lost their GREAT BELT and their *little belt*, may chance to have them found by the French.

Razor. Yes! BUONAPARTE is a special *finder*; though I am almost reconciled to him.

Quidnunc. Reconciled to BUONAPARTE!

Razor. Yes! he's a friend to our profession; his statue should be set in BARBERS' HALL.

Quidnunc. How!

Razor. He has ordered all the JEWS *to be shaved*.

Quidnunc. I thought he had *shaved* them pretty close himself.

Razor. Yes! sharp's the word! he has used *the razor* pretty freely in every country; as, for instance***

Enter TERMAGANT.

Termagant. Here's a kettle of fish! the *ass on knees* will be after you for concealing your *defects*, if you don't come *incontinently*.

Quidnunc. Don't tell me of the assignees or incontinently; I sent you to ask if the *Tonningen* mail had arrived: I want news from the continent.

Termagant. I know nothing of the *To and again*, male or female; though I think the postman *significated* as how a *currier* had *derived*.

Quidnunc. Then we shall have news, friend Razor! we shall learn the real state of affairs!

Termagant. I am sure yours are in a very bad state—*Expressed* by your own neglect when it was in your power

to raise them to the greatest *infection.*

Quidnunc. Did the postman say any thing else?

Termagant. Yes, he did, about the *bed-tick*——

Quidnunc. The *Baltic*—you foolish jade!

Termagant. And the *emigration* of the Sound.

Quidnunc. The emigration! the navigation, hussy! how often have I told you of your blunders. Had you attended to me, I should have made you a politician in petticoats.

Termagant. Had I attended to you, I should have been an *optician* without petticoats, they would have been seized with the rest; though that would not have *signified* much at present.

Quidnunc. Did the postman say any more?

Termagant. Yes, he did, about roasting the TURKIES before Christmas.

Quidnunc. Great news indeed, friend Razor: I must run to the 'Change.

Termagant. Ah, I wish you would *change* without running for it.

Razor. I have not finished shaving; there are still some patches on your face.

Quidnunc. Never mind; they look like the *Seven Islands* in the new map —You shall take them off when I come back—I must take myself off at present, though the *Red Sea* seems to flow down my cheek.

Razor. There are so many *hairs*, that the people will make *game* ——

[*Cry without*, "*Extraordinary Gazette.*"

Quidnunc.—Let me go—I hear the gazette. [*Runs out.*

Termagant. Bless me! the man's *son pompus*, an *obsolete runatic*, as I am a true maid. [*Exit Termagant.*

Razor. If they had no stronger circumstance than the truth of your virginity, Miss, to prove the insanity of my friend, a jury would never be able to find under the commission.

[*Exit Razor.*

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I SHOULD be very happy to learn, through the medium of your Magazine, whether or not, in any late publication, or in any scientific society, either public or private, the ingenious suggestion of Mr. Harrup respecting the source from whence the continued supply of the vital principle of the atmosphere is derived, has been at all attended to, or whether the facts which he asserted from his own observations, have been at all substantiated by any subsequent experiments.

If, as appears to be generally supposed, the atmosphere depends principally upon the vegetable world for a reparation of the loss of oxygen which it is every moment sustaining, and if this source is relied upon merely from its disposition to disengage this principle from others with which it may chance to be combined, and not from any capability it possesses to generate it; whence is the oxygen originally derived in a sufficient quantity to render this extrication equivalent to its incessant consumption? Vegetables, wherever existing, may easily decompose water; but the presence of this liquid is so fortuitous, both as to time and quantity, that the existence of oxygen cannot be supposed to depend on so vacillating an operation. Neither can the decomposition of air respired by the animal lungs, though affording a very considerable proportion of oxygen, be supposed capable of restoring the equilibrium, since the vital principle thus obtained must be gradually diminishing in every subsequent aspiration.

That oxygen is, as Mr. Harrup suspects, obtained directly from water, independently of any vegetable process, I pretend not to assert. I can, however, but think with him, that it must have a source more extensive, and much less partially diffused, than the one to which it has hitherto been attributed.

Some of your readers, Mr. Editor, may possibly be able to give me information in answer to the above query. It is with this view I have to solicit your publication of these lines; in doing which you will very much oblige

Your most obedient servant,

Sept. 15, 1806. W. W.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

IF you can find room in your ingenious publication for the undermentioned queries, you will very much oblige one of your most constant readers and admirers.

In the European Magazine for October, 1806, is a very ingenious account of an attempt to assassinate Oliver Cromwell by Lucretia Grenville. I should feel obliged to S. M. or any other of your correspondents, to inform me——1st, The authority from which it is taken—2d, In what year of Oliver's protectorship did it happen?—And what became of Lucretia Grenville; whether she lived to witness the restoration, or died in the mad-house in which Oliver had confined her.

In your Magazine for December, 1806, there is an account of the sham funeral of Milton; but it is not mentioned how it came to be discovered that he was alive; whether by accident, or by his dying and being buried in reality.

Is it a fact universally established, that every ass is marked on its shoulder with a cross? and if so, What credit should be given to that explanation of it, viz. that it has been observed there ever since our Saviour, as a proof of humility, and a lesson to his followers, made his entry into Jerusalem upon the foal of an ass?

R. N. J.

ESSAYS,

HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND MORAL.

No. XVII.

On GAMING.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi nunc alii benigna. HOR.

THE progress of error has so many practical illustrations as to render its existence indubitable and its demonstration superfluous; yet it happens unfortunately, when our own bad habits take us by surprise, that we are tempted to doubt that they were ever in an embryo state, and to wonder how we acquired them. Gaming may be considered one of those:—the principles of it are inculcated and imbibed at our earliest introduction to society—it is encouraged by avarice, and resorted to in the hours of idleness, when other amusements are wanting. Fitted for active and vigorous exertion, the powers of the mind, when not directed to pursuits of a beneficial tendency, resort, of course, to those of an opposite one; they cling to any object that prevents a dormancy repugnant to their nature. The arts and sciences, and all those studies which are productive of no other benefit than as they contribute to the elegances of life and the refinement of society, are of infinite utility to the moral, the intellectual, and the substantial welfare of mankind in this essential point. They become so many objects to which the leisure man may direct himself for employment, without exciting a single dangerous passion, or hazarding his happiness by trusting to others for entertainment.

If gaming had no serious consequences, the loss of time which it induces would sufficiently stamp its impropriety. The duty which every man owes to the community forbids so irreparable a loss, and exacts a portion of his labour or ability in return for the benefits and the pleasures which accrue to him as a member. But its consequences are so ruinous as to wound every generous feeling, and merit the severest reprehension. The gamester immolates the fortunes, the happiness, the comforts, of his innocent family on the altar of an hideous monster, who, like the sanguinary idols of Carthage, demands of an obedient votary, and devours without satiety. To crown the whole—want, as it operates on a mind destitute of its natural sensibility, incites to the practice of vices the most flagrant and detestable, which stifle the small remains of his enfeebled virtue, and for ever destroy that high and immortal part of his nature which alone renders man the image of his Maker.

He may, indeed, be compared to one who, attracted by the rich and various scenery which its banks present, sails down a narrow but delightful stream; he looks forward to the day before him, and finds himself free from every engagement, hoists another sail, and flies with the wind, unconscious that the current is increasing, and that the banks are becoming more distant—till at length, arrived at the ocean, he is plunged helpless into its waters, and lost amidst the turbulence of its tempestuous billows.

The inclination for thus hazarding our possessions is not only an early but a very general one; whether it proceed from our conviction of the inadequacy of the slow but surer means of honest industry for increasing those posses-

sions, or from a hope consistent with human vanity, that each is the chosen favourite of Fortune. Most of those tribes of uncivilized men which come under our knowledge are extravagantly addicted to gaming, and, in a desperate effort to retrieve their losses, stake even their liberty. If this, then, be man in a savage state, whose motives are the dictates of nature, almost free and uninfluenced by art—what may we not expect from him in a state of high cultivation, when merit is placed in the back ground, and preferment purchased by money, which is considered the actuating principle;—and where the means of acquiring that are rarely adverted to, however improper they may be!

By those who discriminate wisely and act justly, gaming will ever be avoided as a mortal bane. It will be despised as inimical to the heart and mind, and destructive to the best interests of man; it will be feared, as it deadens the finest feelings of our nature, and renders us insensible to the impulses of every exalted virtue. In short—when once it becomes the predominant passion, it suffers no competitor to our attention, but absorbs in its own vortex every pursuit and every pleasure that is not of its own creation.

W. G.

DESCRIPTIONS, REMARKS, ANECDOTES, *and* SENTIMENTS, *during a* VOYAGE *from the* WEST INDIES *to* NORTH AMERICA, *and from thence to* ENGLAND, *and during the* AUTHOR'S RAMBLES *in the two latter* COUNTRIES.

BY A GENTLEMAN LATELY RETURNED FROM THE WEST INDIES.

(*Continued from page* 187.)

BETWEEN Bristol and the Hotwells is Brandon Hill, which Queen Elizabeth bestowed, by express charter, on the washerwomen, or, some say, the old maids, of Bristol, for the purpose of drying their clothes. It is the highest in the neighbourhood; and yet its ascent not being too steep, I could not help thinking it susceptible of considerable rural embellishment; but an attempt to turn it from the purpose for which it was given, and to which it is now sacred, would, no doubt, cause a serious insurrection among the nymphs of the tub, who would not tamely suffer their right to be thus infringed upon. Redland is an elegant little village, consisting chiefly of very handsome houses, and embellished throughout with trees and gardens. The other villages have also an air of gentility, bespeaking their vicinity to an opulent city.

I had almost forgot to mention, that among other benevolent institutions here, I visited the Asylum for the Blind. In this abode, those who are utterly deprived of the blessing of sight are provided for, and are taught to make baskets, &c. It is truly astonishing with what singular neatness the females of this institution finish their various little articles, and with what precision, from the force of habit, each person will find out his or her respective place and work they are engaged in, when returning from their meals. I was curious enough to listen to a conversation between two young men, who had been born blind. They were sitting beside each other, and were asking various questions about different things that had come to their *ears*: I was thinking they might blunder upon the word *see* in their discourse, but I was mistaken—it was always, did you *hear* so and so. One part of their conversation was, whether Nelson or Buonaparte was the *greatest* man; but it was easy to perceive that their ideas were merely transcripts of what had accidentally been dropped in their hearing. As a motto to the prospectus of the plan of this charity, they have chosen the following appropriate and beautiful lines, from Milton:—

——"For with the year
Seasons return, but not to me return
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;
But clouds instead, and ever-during dark
Surround me; from the cheerful ways of men
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
Presented with an universal blank."

Besides this humane charity, there are a great many alms-houses in Bristol, and charity-schools; of which last Colston's is the most distinguished—the beneficent gift of the person whose name it bears. There is, indeed, no country in the world where the hand of Charity is more liberally held forth than in England, as the number of benevolent institutions in its principal cities sufficiently testify.

After being a few days in Bristol, I took lodgings in that part of the town called King's-down; which, being higher than any other part of the city, commands an extensive prospect both of

the city below, and the country around. The air up here is delightfully refreshing. One of my most favourite recreations is a morning walk to an adjacent meadow, called Nine-tree Hill: it is a gentle slope, covered with a soft verdure, pleasing to the eye, and diffusing a simple fragrance. From this sylvan eminence a prospect the most enchanting presents itself to view—perhaps few can exceed it for richness, variety, and extent; and here, at this season of the year, just as the dews are exhaled by the morning sun, the sight of this charming assemblage of objects is made still more bewitching by the sweet air that breathes across the downs and meadows.

During my first week's stay in Bristol, I had an opportunity of seeing one of its annual fairs. Here was gaudily displayed innumerable collections of various merchandize, suited to all tastes, and calculated for every purpose of life. Here also were jugglers, mountebanks, rope-dancers, exhibitors of wild beasts, wax-works, panoramas, *lusus' naturæ*, pantomimes, feats of horsemanship, &c. &c. Any thing amuses John Bull—a calf with six legs, a pig with two heads, an ox with a horn growing from its forehead, a child with four arms, or a woman with none, are all of them acceptable, and stared at with equal impatience and avidity. It is no wonder, indeed, that foreigners should form strange ideas of this same John Bull (the representative of the national character), when the English themselves are at such pains to depict him as an arrant simpleton, a great drunkard, and egregious glutton; in every print-shop, poor John Bull is exhibited as a corpulent, puffed-up gormandizer, whose monstrous bulk, red nose, and carbuncled face, denote that he is fond of roast beef, plumb-pudding, and plenty of good *home-brewed*. This John Bull is fond of amusing himself, at times, with strange novelties—such as ghosts, conjurers, prophets, &c. &c. Any thing will go down with honest John, if it has only *novelty* to recommend it. Among other whims of the day, John has become extremely fond of infant actors. A boy, of late, has, it seems, drawn louder bursts of applause from a British audience than it, perhaps, ever bestowed on the most consummate actor for his *masterly* performance of the most difficult parts in English tragedy! Different opinions are, however, entertained of this extraordinary youth, as I have perceived, by conversing, since my arrival in England, with different people who have seen this wonderful Roscius perform. Some are warm admirers of him; others coldly remark, that they saw nothing remarkable in his acting; but the most general sentiment seems to be, that his performance is wonderful *for his years*. As for myself, I shall suspend my fixed and *positive* opinion on this subject till I have ocular instruction on it. But, reasoning from experience and the nature of things, I must certainly confess that I am one of the sceptics. Who would have thought that it was possible, that a boy of thirteen years of age should be capable of expressing the various passions with that justness, energy, and effect, as to call forth plaudits of astonishment from an enlightened audience?—that he should act such a variety of characters with so much *eclat!* and, what is more astonishing than all, that he should exhibit correctly the force and effect of passions and feelings which he could never have experienced! Yet all this is related of him by his admirers. If half, indeed, of what is related of him be true, he must be a most extraordinary boy. But should conviction come home to me, I can only say, that I should not be surprised to hear of a boy of fifteen occupying a professor's chair in one of our universities, or of a youth having started up who outstripped the admirable Creighton in universality of genius and accomplishment. We may allow that Nature, now and then, produces wonderful geniuses; but she can hardly produce impossibilities—she can hardly produce a being, who, at an age when the intellectual faculties are only beginning to expand, shall know and perform that by intuition which others acquire by study, practice, and experience. I shall, therefore, remain too dull to comprehend all this, till the moment arrives when to hesitate belief would be to discredit my own senses; though I must beg leave to say, with those who adopt a middle opinion, that I can readily believe, that the infant Roscius is, or may be, a great actor considering his years—a novelty for his time of life. But the truth is, every thing that has novelty and wonder to recommend it will be greedily swallowed for some time. People are ever loth to be undeceived on those occasions, and are ingenious in de-

vising *reasons* to justify their credulity. Bet Canning, the Cock-lane Ghost, and the Bottle Conjurer, are recorded examples of the *ease* with which the public mind (particularly in England) can accommodate itself to the grossest deceptions, when once it has received the first impression. Not that I would be understood to insinuate, that the account given of the infant Roscius is altogether a deception, but rather an over-strained and hyperbolical eulogium, a character swelled and magnified by the glass of enthusiasm, and borne up by the tide of public opinion. The man who truly deserved, as an actor, the appellation of British Roscius, was twenty-two years of age when he first resolved to tread the stage, and was yet so dubious of success before a London audience, that he determined previously to serve his noviciate on a provincial theatre, and accordingly acted for some time at Ipswich. The unbounded applause he therefore met with on his first appearance on a London theatre was not so surprising, considering his great genius and previous experience. So far my *present* ideas of the infant Roscius.

On my first arrival in England, I naturally expected to see much solicitude and bustle of preparation on account of the long-threatened invasion of the French; but I perceived nothing of the kind: people go about their business, and follow their respective pursuits, with as much indifference and unconcern as if such a thing was a physical impossibility: so little alarmed are Britons by those terrible threats and mighty preparations which would, perhaps, make any other nation than England tremble for its existence. But Englishmen have never been accustomed to experience alarm at the name of French invasion. There seems, however, a difference of opinion on the subject among the politicians. Some will have it, that there was real and serious cause for alarm; while others laugh at the idea. Others, again, steer a middle course between a pusillanimous alarm and a too unguarded confidence; and this is, doubtless, the most rational opinion. That there is a *possibility* of a French army being transported across the channel, most men are agreed: and, in such an event, I will not say, with the alarmists, that there is very great *danger*; nor will I say, with the over-confident, that such an attempt is *utterly* to be despised. Supposing a strong French army landed in England (we set aside, for argument sake, the probable obstacles it has to encounter the inconstancy of the elements, the terrors of the British naval thunder poured around it in its passage, the opposition in landing, the difficulty of concentrating after being landed, &c. But, smoothing all these *little* difficulties, and allowing one hundred thousand Frenchmen a firm footing on British *terra firma*), what then would ensue? Why, they would do a great deal of mischief arts and manufactures would be at a stand—agriculture would be suspended—much of the country would be desolated—roads, bridges, canals, &c. would be broke up or destroyed—and a terrible carnage of the human race would ensue—the march of the French columns would be marked by desolation, and the fields and highways strewed with their dead—in fine, after a horrible struggle, this mighty army must eventually dwindle away, and serve only to shew that, while Britain is united and true to herself, no foreign invader will ever succeed in subjugating her; and perhaps, at the present moment, she never was more united in one sentiment of hatred and resistance to the pretensions of an ambitious enemy. The French do more than respect British bravery—they fear it; and the man who is at their head knows, by experience, that it is far easier for France to over-run all Europe, than for France, with half of Europe at her back, to foil *single-handed* England. It has been even said (and I must confess with some appearance of reason), that it would be wise to allow the French to make the experiment; for that the expense of keeping up an immense force to resist a long-threatened invasion, is greater than England would be put to by such a trial of her strength; and that the event would give security against all future attempts at so rash and hopeless an enterprize.

There is at Stapleton, within three miles of Bristol, a French prison, which is at present full. I paid a visit to this prison, and found the prisoners busy in disposing of the toys they had manufactured, such as baskets, boxes, &c. made of straw and pasteboard, and various articles made of bone. I was equally astonished at the amazing neatness with which these toys were finished, and the cheapness of them. The prisoners were allowed from nine o'clock

in the morning till twelve in disposing of this merchandize, but only a few were admitted into the area of the prison, who acted as chapmen for the rest. This sort of employment answers two desirable ends—it keeps the prisoners from the wearisomeness of solitary indolence, and it assists to make them more comfortable; but I was told, that the spirit of gambling so completely possessed them, that the fruits of their little labours was often lost to them; nay, to such a degree had it possessed some, that they would sell their clothes, their bedding, and even their very food, to procure money to gamble, when their funds were exhausted by it! Thus sacrificing their comfort and health, and even starving, in order to indulge this pernicious vice. Innumerable hands were thrust between the rails of the gate, anxious to dispose of their trinkets; and hundreds of voices were all at once exclaiming to the spectators to come and buy from them; while a great many poor creatures, who had nothing to sell, were begging, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, for a few halfpence. One poor creature said to me, with a look the most mournful, that he had been more than three years confined a prisoner; that he had a wife and children in France, who, for aught he knew, were starving in his absence; and he anxiously asked me if there was any prospect of peace. His sallow looks and squalid appearance sufficiently expressed how impatiently he wished for its return. It brought to my mind a lively picture of the miseries occasioned by war—ruthless war!—and how many unhappy Englishmen, said I to myself, are at this moment pining in French prisons, more rigorously treated, and less bountifully provided for, and, perhaps, without the ingenuity of the Frenchman to add to their comforts and relieve their languor. I was told, there were no less than three thousand prisoners at present in this place.

Though, as I have said, no country in the world is more liberally provided with public charities for the relief of the indigent and helpless, yet, in most of our large towns, the feelings of the passenger are often wounded by the sight of some poor mutilated wretch, who in mournful and tremulous accents solicits his charity. I, who have lived so long in a country where such objects are rarely, if ever, to be seen, am filled with grief and commiseration to behold so much human misery. Both in Liverpool and in Bristol I saw a great many beggars; but particularly during the fair at the latter place. Ballad-singers with infants around them, blind fiddlers, maimed objects, and other unhappy creatures, told their mournful stories to the passers-by, and appealed to their humanity.

Of all the benefactors of mankind, whose memory the Bristolians hold in the highest veneration, is Edward Colston, an eminent merchant of Bristol, who lived about a century and a half ago. This man certainly was one of those who existed chiefly to do good, and diffuse blessings around him. His charity is described as unbounded, and he died followed by the gratitude and sorrow of all his fellow-citizens. He was the founder of that charitable seminary that goes by his name. His remains are deposited in All Saints' Church, where a well-executed marble monument is erected to his memory, with his statue in a recumbent posture by Rysbrack. Some wanton wretches have thought fit to break off two of the fingers of this statue; these, however, could easily have been replaced; and on expressing my surprise at this not being done, I was told that there was an intention of taking down, and repairing and beautifying the whole monument. Every Sunday a bouquet of flowers is placed in the hand of this venerable image of deceased virtue, as an additional homage of gratitude and esteem.

Bristol has by no means been remarkable, till of late, for literary geniuses. At present it has some very respectable names to boast of in its walks. Since the time of the unfortunate Chatterton, a spirit of poetry has distinguished many of the natives of this city—as if the Muse of that hapless youth extended her inspiration, after his decease, to those who inhabited the same spot, and inhaled the same air. The name of Miss Hannah More will always rank high both in poetry and prose; Mr. Southey cannot but be admired as an elegant votary of the Muses; and to these may be added the names of Coleridge, Cottle, Lovell, Thorne, Porter, Yearsley, &c. The last mentioned was one of those extraordinary poetic geniuses which the present time has been so remarkable for producing in the humblest walks of life. She was a milk-woman of

this city, and produced some pieces which, for elegant simplicity and genuine feeling, were the admiration and astonishment of every one who knew what good poetry was. She chiefly excelled in the pathetic. Yet with all this poetical talent, I was told, by those who knew her, that Mrs. Yearsley was vulgar and uncouth in her conversation and manners; and her behaviour towards Miss Hannah More, who kindly undertook to correct, revise, and publish her poems, shewed neither gratitude nor good manners. This woman is now dead.

Bristol is one of the most ancient cities in England; some of its churches would alone testify this: it is said it was founded even before the Christian era. Long before its present rival in commercial extent and opulence (Liverpool) was any thing more than an obscure and inconsiderable village, Bristol was distinguished as a rich and flourishing city. But such are the rapid effects of commercial enterprise, the great source of wealth, population, arts, and luxury. When Henry VII. was in Bristol, the citizens' wives made so splendid a figure, that this prudent monarch, who loved money above all things, thinking this a certain evidence of the wealth of their husbands, ordered every citizen who was worth 20*l.* in goods to pay 20*s.* We read also of a Jew of Bristol, who was fined in the sum of ten thousand marks, by King John, for refusing to pay a heavy tax laid by that monarch on that race of people; and on his refusal to pay that also, the king ordered one of his teeth to be drawn every day till he should comply: the Jew suffered seven of his teeth to be drawn out before he would consent to pay the money. The Jews were at this time a very oppressed people in England. Bristol had once a castle, which was considered as the most impregnable in the kingdom. It was demolished during the civil wars, by order of the protector. Of what consequence Bristol was, as a place of defence, &c. as far back as the reign of King John, will appear by that monarch's sending his eldest son (afterwards Henry III.), *for greater security*, during his struggles with the barons, to be educated here. At this time Bristol was incorporated by charter from John.

(To be continued.)

AQUA SAPIENTIÆ.

A FRAGMENT.

AMONG the variety of WATERS mentioned by ancient writers, such as HOLY WATER, INCORRUPTIBLE WATER, WATER of SEPARATION, WATERS of JEALOUSY, &c. there are none of these aqueous fluids that have, in the present age, obtained less celebrity than the WATER OF WISDOM. Had not *Kircher* exhibited some of this important element in his *musæum*, as a curious specimen of what *had been*, the world would have scarcely known that it had ever existed. Yet under the appellation of *living water*, it is said to have been of great use in former times, and moreover to have possessed the good qualities of all the other menstruums united: as, for example:—

In the *first* instance, it was HOLY, inasmuch as repeated draughts of it repressed the passions and preserved the *brains* of men in a temperate state; consequently it made them attentive to their RELIGIOUS duties.

Secondly, By inhibiting their appetites for stimulating food and intoxicating beverages, and of course for *feasts*, it rendered both their health and their morals INCORRUPTIBLE.

Thirdly, It cooled their corporeal commotions, and unquestionably SEPARATED them from BAD COMPANY.

Fourthly, It afforded *no temptation* for MEN to leave their *wives*, and consequently banished the WATERS OF JEALOUSY.

Such were the virtues of the WATER of WISDOM; of which, perhaps, as a punishment for our sins, we are in this age deprived.

The cup containing this excellent beverage, far superior in its qualities to the Castalian, Lethean, or Pactolian streams, has been long withheld from *our lips*: the consequence of which has been, that we have resorted to *other cups*, and have frequently taken *a cup too much*.

The WATER of WISDOM has long since disappeared from the *tables* of the *great*, from the TAVERNS of the CITY, where it is said to have *blushed* in its retreat from the sight of a MAGNUM, and even from the TEA-EQUIPAGE of the LADIES, where it was at last hardly worthy of being thrown into the *slip* SLOP BASINS.

If you inquire for the WATER of

Wisdom at the first of these places, the butler will bring you a large glass of Spa or Seltzer.

If at the second, the waiter will tell you that it is exchanged for spruce; and

If at the third, the lady will declare, that the tea-kettle has boiled so much, that it has *evaporated in steam*.

Yet from the use of this great dissolver of *crudities*, what immense benefits were formerly derived in this country!

From the loss of the *original spring* what evils have ensued!

"Do you think," it was the other day asked by a medical gentleman, "that if we had taken large doses of *aqua sapientiæ*,

'For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,'

and therefore, if I could find it *pure*, I should prescribe it in large quantities——

"Do you think, I say, if we had drank of it *quan. suff.*—our constitution would not have been improv'd? ****our political struggles****our election contests***our****

"If *six* draughts a day of the water of Wisdom had been taken by some of my patients, my bill would have been the best bill that ever was brought into the********** and therefore***

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'Tis wanting what should follow,
The rest should follow,
But 'tis torn off!——
Congreve—*Mourning Bride.*

Anecdote *of* Dean Swift.

THE eccentric Dean, in the course of one of those journies to Holyhead, which, it is well known, he several times performed *on foot*, was travelling through Church Stretton, Shropshire, when he put up at the sign of the Crown, at that place; and finding the host to be a communicative, good-humoured man, inquired if there was any agreeable person in town with whom he might partake of a dinner (as he had desired him to provide one), and that such a person should have nothing to pay. The landlord immediately replied, that the curate, Mr. Jones, was a very agreeable companionable man, and would not, he supposed, have any objection to spend a few hours with a gentleman of his appearance. The Dean directed him to Mr. Jones with his compliments, intimating that a traveller would be glad to be favoured with his company at the Crown, to spend an afternoon, if it was agreeable.

When Mr. Jones and the Dean had dined, and the glass began to circulate, the former made an apology for an occasional absence; saying, that at three o'clock he was to read prayers and preach at the Church (viz. Stretton). Upon which intimation, the Dean replied, that he also should attend prayers. Service being ended, and the two gentlemen having resumed their station at the Crown, the Dean began to compliment Mr. Jones upon his delivery of a very appropriate sermon; and remarked, that it must have cost him (Mr. Jones) some time and attention to compose such a one.

Mr. Jones observed, that his duty was rather *laborious*, as he served another parish-church at a distance, which, with the Sunday and weekly service at Church Stretton, straitened him much with respect to the time necessary for the composition of sermons; so that when the subjects pressed, he could only devote a few days and nights to that purpose.

"Well," says the Dean, "it is well for you to have such a talent; for *my* part, the very sermon you preached this afternoon cost me some *months* in the composing."*—On this observation,

* Among the many observations that are afloat on the stream of tradition respecting the Dean of St. Patrick, one of the most trite is, that his talents qualified him in a far greater degree for a minister of state than for a minister of the gospel. Without stopping to examine the truth of this proposition; we shall only remark, in confirmation of it, that he is said to have written sermons with great study and labour, which, at last, were but indifferent compositions, framed with little spirit, and frequently delivered with still less: in short, though we believe his principles to have been strictly orthodox, the pulpit does not seem to have been a place calculated for the display of his genius; while, on the other hand, in a political circle (the Club of Sixteen, for instance), he appeared quite at home. Yet we think his talents shone brighter in opposition than in power: of which he was himself also sensible; for he observes,

"And till they wore me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state."

We have met with many instances of this propensity of the human mind; but in none has it been more apparent than in those that have recently occured.

Mr. Jones began to look very gloomy, and to recognize his companion.—"However," rejoined the Dean, "don't you be alarmed; you have so good a talent at delivery, that I hereby declare, you have done more honour to my sermon this day than I *could* myself; and by way of compromising the matter, you must accept of this half-guinea for the *justice* you have done to my discourse in the delivery of it."*

This story used to be related afterwards in company by Mr. Jones himself.

Stoke. J. P.

NOTICE *of* THOMAS JAMES, *D.D. &c. &c.*

THIS truly pious and laborious divine was born at *Newport*, in the *Isle of Wight*, in the year 1571. He received the first part of his education at *Winchester school*: whence he removed to *New College, Oxford*, where he was chosen fellow, and proceeded to the degree of doctor of divinity. He was, upon the restoration of the university library by Sir *Thomas Bodley*, honoured with the appointment of keeper, and preferred to the sub-deanery of *Wells*.

Though this was, we think, the highest ecclesiastical preferment that he ever attained, his talents, learning, and the similarity of their pursuits, produced an acquaintance betwixt him and CAMDEN which continued through the life of the latter.

This eminent antiquarian, speaking of his friend Dr. James, says, that "*he was a very learned man, a great lover of books, wholly dedicated to learning*," and then describes him as an assiduous collector of ancient books, unquestionably for the BODLEIAN library; for he continues, "*he is now searching the libraries of England for scarce authors for the public good, and the great benefit of young students.*"

At the period alluded to, which must have been early in the seventeenth century, the passion for the collection of scarce books,* although it blazed in the bosoms of Sir *Thomas Bodley* and Dr. *James*, was little known in this kingdom.

Tradition states, that it began to expand from those little *conclaves*, or *councils*, which used to be held upon literary subjects in the booksellers' shops which surrounded PAUL'S.

Like many other useful and learned pursuits, this shrunk from the horrors of the *Interregnum*, but was, soon after the *Restoration*, revived by a set of *bibliographers* who had then removed to Little Britain.

Dr. *James* thought so highly of this propensity, and was so enthusiastically devoted to the search for ancient books, that he is said to have inspected more libraries than any man of his, or, perhaps, of any other age or country. Joined to this indefatigable industry, such was his zeal in the cause of literature, as connected with religion, that he took a particular delight in old manuscripts, and was equally sagacious and successful (by collation) in discovering interpolations and counterfeit passages in printed works, which, such had been the polemical spirit of former ages, it was a very common practice to insert, especially in Roman Catholic editions, in order, we may suppose, to raise doubts and to create disputes.

Being a member of the convocation in the parliament 1 *Car. I.* he made a motion in the House, that some persons might be appointed to peruse the

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* This little anecdote brings to our recollection another, something similar

A young clergyman, upon some public occasion, preached a sermon before a congregation in the city, among which a bishop was one of the auditors. The gentleman displayed his rhetorical powers with such energy, and, consequently, effect, that he was listened to with the most profound attention, and even thanked by the churchwardens when he descended from the pulpit. He had the still higher gratification, when he retired to the vestry, to be also thanked by the bishop for what he politely termed the edification he had received from the fervour of his devotion, and the animated elegance of his elocution.

The young clergyman hesitatingly made his acknowledgments to his lordship, but, unfortunately, wishing to be deemed an author as well as an orator, he observed, that the sermon which he had just preached was the first of *his own* composing.

The bishop started, and sternly replied, "Was it so, sir? then I think, upon this occasion, you ought to pay BEVERIDGE!"

How the young man felt upon this reprimand may be better conceived than it can be described.—EDITOR.

* Of this passion operating upon the mind of a retired individual, we have a most extraordinary instance, in the astonishing library of the late ISAAC REED, Esq. which is now before the public.

manuscript fathers in all the public and private libraries in the kingdom, to discover the interpolations and foul play in the Roman Catholic editions, which, had his encouragement been adequate to his design, he meant to publish in a protestant *Index Expurgatorius*.

This, therefore, was never carried into effect. The manuscript fathers mouldered away, and the editions of them reprobated by Dr. James still remain, with all their errors and interpolations.

Respecting the death of this learned divine, there seems to have been some error in the date. *Wood (Athen. Oxon.)* states it to have happened at Oxford, 1632; but other authors (*Fuller*, in his Worthies, for one instance) say, that he died in 1629.* How the difference of three years could occur with respect to this event, it is now impossible to trace.

Among a number of other works relating chiefly to the corruption of the Scriptures, to those of councils and of fathers, by the church of Rome, Dr. James published, *Ecloga Oxonio-Cantabrigiensis*, *Lib.* 2. It contains a catalogue of all the manuscripts in each college library in *Oxford*, but not those of the university library; and of all the manuscripts of the college libraries of *Cambridge*, together with those of the public library.

Comparison *between the* Manners *of* Youth *and* Age.

OLD age is always to be respected! This is a maxim that I would be the last in the world to do away. But, as a young man, I wish, in some measure, to defend the young from a charge, often preferred against them, and, in some degree, without truth: it is, that the youthful part of mankind are more full of levity and licentiousness in their manners than their elders in life. Go into a mixed company of males and females, of old and young, attend strictly to the conversation that is going forward; and, depend on it, you will find that at least nine-tenths of the indelicate jokes and blush-creating observations will be made by the elder part of the males in company. Again: Seek the society of men *only*, and you will still find the same remark hold good; if any subject is introduced that admits of gross puns, the man in years, you will most generally find, unhesitatingly make them; while, if the young man ventures a smutty pun, he will stammer it out, and afterwards look more than half ashamed of what he has said. This is probably to be accounted for, on the part of the man in years, by his being, or having been, married, and consequently careless of what the world may think; or that the years he has passed in this chequered world have made him callous to the finer feelings of the mind; yet neither of these circumstances ought, or can, by a delicate mind, be considered to form an excuse for such conduct.

I must again repeat, that old age, when amiable, is the object of my warmest regard; but, I confess, I do not admire to see a man with grey hairs, as I often have seen, insulting decency, and his own dignity, by fulsome and disgusting ribaldry, or conversation more suited to a brothel than to the society of modest women, or of men who would wish to be thought men of decency and decorum.

Sept. 1, 1807. J. M. L.

* Aged 58.

Adages *which* Cromwell *was frequently in the Habit of repeating.**

CUNNING and deception help through one half of life; deception and cunning, through the other.

He who suddenly alters his conduct towards you, *has* either cheated, or *is willing* to cheat you.

Never trust him whom thou hast once injured. If thou wilt not be deceived by an *enemy*, never trust a *friend*.

Govern by fear.

When thou canst not revenge thyself, be silent, and dissemble.

The multitude is like a madman, it must be kept within the length of its chain.

Dissimulation and hypocrisy are *regal* virtues.

Who has *courage* seldom *lacks* success; but all who succeed have not courage.

Fortune has singled out many who know it not.

* We insert this article as a curiosity, not as an object of morality or utility. Editor.

Drawn & Engraved by S. Rawle

St PAUL'S SCHOOL

Published by J. Asperne at the Bible Crown & Constitution Cornhill. November 1 1807

Subjects are like iron, which, unworked, falls to rust.

A prince easily forgets the *greatest service*, but never the *slightest injury*.

He who, through force of arms, has raised himself to be ruler, must never lay them by.

It is sometimes prudent *not* to *resent* an injury, but one ought *never* to *forget* it.

He that lightens the burthens of an enslaved people betrays his folly.

Fortunate is that man who *has* many friends; more fortunate he that *wants* none.

Injuries must be done at *once*; benefits conferred by *degrees*.

Love begins at *home*.—This trite adage used to be most frequently in his mouth, although, *according to custom*, in public acts the good of the people was ever pretended to be the only end.—"*As*," said he, one day, to his son-in-law, on leaving the council, to which he had just communicated the alliance with France, "*as my own prosperity is now secured, we will turn our thoughts to the good of the state!*"—Disgusting as this must have sounded, yet it afforded matter of consolation for the people to know, that when this man was satisfied, he would not only *permit*, but also, for the sake of his reputation, *give* them wherewith to gratify their appetites.

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL,

[WITH A VIEW.]

THERE is no part of our civic history which we contemplate with greater satisfaction than that which records the foundation and endowment of our PUBLIC SCHOOLS, because we discern in it those seminaries from which have emanated the talents of many men whose genius have been at once the boast and honour of the metropolis, indeed of the kingdom.

In former times, it is well known, there were three great schools in London; yet from the reign of STEPHEN to the period of the 25 HENRY VI. owing, we will say, to the indolence or incapacity of the teachers, or to any thing rather than to a distaste of learning among the monastic orders, which has been hinted to have been prevalent, they are said to have fallen into decay: wherefore this prince, who, notwithstanding the troubles which his disputed title created, may be considered as the restorer of learning, in consequence of the petition of four parochial priests,* encouraged and patronized four other schools to be set up in their several parishes, viz. in *Allhallows the Great*, *St. Andrew's*, *Holborn*, *St. Peter's*, *Cornhill*, and *St. Mary Colechurch*.

Nine years after, viz. 34 HENRY VI. five other schools were set up in different churches in LONDON, by the care of the archbishop of *Canterbury* and the bishop of LONDON, confirmed by the king's letters patent: to wit, one within the church-yard of *St. Paul's*, a second at the collegiate church of *St. Martin-le-Grand*, another at *St. Mary de Arcubus*,† another at *St. Dunstan in the East*, and the fifth at the hospital of *St. Anthony*.

We have been the more particular in endeavouring to shew the state of public education in the metropolis antecedent to the foundation of what may more correctly be termed ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL;‡ though the piety of Dean COLET, the founder, induced him to dedicate it to the infant JESUS (who sat among the doctors at twelve years of age), as the great and compassionate patron of the children there to be educated,§ because, even in those parochial schools, we find that the pupils were so much neglected, that it became a subject of complaint, which seemed to render the establishment of a larger and more *literary* seminary absolutely necessary.

Dr. JOHN COLET, to whom we have alluded, was the eldest and only surviving son of Sir HENRY COLET, Knt. citizen and mercer of London, who was twice lord mayor.§ He was born in London in the year 1466, and, after passing through one of the public

* The king's answer was—"The King wille that it be do as is desired, so that it be done by the advyce, the *Reles* of Archbishope of Canterbury for the time being.

† Bow Church, Cheapside.

‡ The school noticed before, which appears to have been a small establishment, is not known by this appellation.

§ This is shewn by part of the founder's epitaph,

"*Quique scholam struxit celebrem cognomine* JESU."

§ Viz. in the years 1486 and 1493. During his first mayoralty, and under his immediate influence, the cross in WEST CHEAP (Cheapside) was re-erected in a most beautiful style of ornamental architecture.

schools already mentioned, he continued his studies at *Oxford*, where he made a considerable progress in logic, philology, and the mathematics. He then travelled into *France* and *Italy*, where he studied divinity, and, in consequence of some successful disputations, conducted according to the mode of those times, became, in foreign universities, exceedingly admired for his learning and talents.

In 1504, having been some years on the continent, he returned to England, and commenced doctor of divinity. HENRY VII. who, whatsoever faults he might have had, was by no means inattentive to the promotion of men of talents, fixed his eyes upon Dr. COLET, and, after leading him up some subordinate steps, preferred him to the deanery of ST. PAUL'S. It was impossible in the clerical state of the metropolis that he could have made a better choice. Learned, benevolent, pious, exemplary in the performance of his duty, and equally so for the regularity of his life, the people, who daily experienced his munificence, almost idolized the dean; consequently his death, which was occasioned by the sweating sickness, a disease that raged with uncommon violence in 1519, the period of his dissolution, was a subject of general lamentation.

DEAN COLET, in the year 1509, founded ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL for 153 children to be taught freely; and such was the generous and liberal turn of his mind, that he settled his whole patrimony upon it in his life-time; and notwithstanding he lived but ten years after its foundation, he had the pleasure to see this establishment flourish to so extraordinary a degree, that Sir THOMAS MORE, who had a great friendship for him, in a letter which he wrote, compared his school to the *Trojan* horse out of which the *Grecians* issued to surprise the city. "*In the like manner*," said he, "*out of your school many have come that have subverted and overthrown all ignorance and rudeness.*"

After the school was finished, under the auspices of DEAN COLET, he left the perpetual care of its estate, and the government of it, to the MERCERS' COMPANY, then one of the most flourishing in the city, the members of which he esteemed men of probity and honour; and when he was asked the reason why he committed this sacred trust to a trading company, he is said to have answered to this effect, that "there was no absolute certainty in human affairs; but, for his part, he found less corruption in such a body of citizens, than in any other order or degree of mankind."

It will be recollected, that the father of the dean was a mercer; which may serve as another reason to account for the partiality which he, in this instance, shewed to the company.

To dwell on the vast increase of the annexed estates, or to descant on the internal regulations of the school, would here be useless, because these matters may be found, in other publications, much more amply and correctly detailed than our space would permit, even if we had the inclination. Like lecturers on *superficial* anatomy, all that we have to do at present is with its external appearance, as an elucidation of the plate that accompanies this brief notice. But before we come to this, we must observe, that the original building was consumed by the fire of LONDON; and soon after the present structure, to which we now wish to turn the attention of the reader, was raised upon its site.

Contemplating it in any point of view, but particularly in that which is annexed, it is a very singular, though, at the same time, a very beautiful fabric. The central building, which contains the school, is of stone, and, as will be observed, much lower than the wings. It has only one series of windows, which are large, and raised a considerable height from the ground. The centre is adorned with rustic, and on the top is a well-proportioned pediment, on which is displayed a shield, with the arms of the founder: on the apex stands a figure designed to represent LEARNING. Under this pediment are two square, and on each side two circular windows, crowned with busts that are upon a level with the foot of the pediment. On either side of which are correspondently placed two large busts, with radiated crowns, betwixt two flaming vases.

The ichnography of this edifice forms a parallellogram extending north and south, nearly opposite to the chancel of St. Paul's church. The north wing includes a number of large and elegant apartments, which are occupied by the head master, Dr. Roberts. The south, also, contains apartments equally commodious, wherein Mr. WOOD, the surmaster, or principal usher, resides.

These buildings are narrow, and rise to a considerable height. They are of brick ornamented with stone, have each a small door, and are surmounted with small balustrades.

A large, and *now* solitary, elm-tree, the last picturesque vestige of what may be termed *modern* Paul's, still remains, directly facing the trunk-maker's door in the north-east corner of the cemetery appropriated to the parish of St. Faith. It is, we think, still within living memory, that the architectural solemnity of the Grecian orders was enlivened and relieved by many more of these vegetable ornaments, standing in different directions within the ample verge of the magnificent iron railing which surrounds that stupendous monument of metropolitan piety, St. Paul's Church.

Among the number of eminent men whom the records of former ages state to have received the first rudiments of their education in St. Paul's School, we find, in its earliest stage, the names of Sir Anthony Denny, Sir Edward North, Sir William Paget, Lupset, and Leland. In times a little more modern, Whitaker, the learned professor of divinity in *Cambridge*, and disputant against the Roman Catholics; Dr. Cumberland, bishop of *Peterborough*, no less eminent as a philosopher and mathematician than as a divine;* Milton, the immortal author of *Paradise Lost*; Dr. Meggot, dean of *Winchester*; Samuel Pepys, Esq. some time secretary to the Admiralty; Dr. Benjamin Calamy; that learned physician, Sir Charles Scarborough; Lord Wilmington; and, to conclude, the victorious John, Duke of Marlborough, who is stated to have been the greatest general of any age or of any country.

CONJECTURES.

I.

In certa pro certis. Sall.

By whom Stone Henge was built is not known. It has been ascribed to the Romans and to the Britons: to the former with very little reason. This monument is of so great antiquity as to be beyond the reach both of history and tradition. In such a case, every thing must rest on a happy conjecture.

I was, the other day, reading Coxe's Travels through the North of Europe, where he mentions having frequently seen circles of stones, such as we sometimes find in England, scattered entirely through Sweden and Denmark. The only account which he could obtain of these was, that they were constructed by the giants. Hence it appears, that the origin of *these* is totally unknown. This suggested to me an idea that these structures might be coeval, and probably raised by the Danes during the time they had possession of this island. Britain, at that time, it is well known, was immersed in the utmost barbarity; yet, even in this case, tradition might afford us some light as to the use of such a building, had it been erected by the *natives*. But here is *none*. In my opinion, could any ingenious antiquary trace the Swedish or Danish traditions on this subject, much information might be gained. The old proverb, "*Fas est et ab* hoste *doceri*," might be well applied in the present case. Did we imitate the practice of our continental enemies, in sending out able draughtsmen, &c. to attend our armies, much useful information might be gained, and, in the present case, perhaps the very information which is required. C. T. S.

II.

An Attempt to determine the Pronunciation of the Word "Inimical."

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
Hor.

After many attempts, on all sides, to determine the pronunciation of the adjective "Inimical," this unhappy word still remains in doubt. One moment you meet a man who informs you, such a one's designs are inimical; but the next person you meet with will tell you (as if to sneer at the ignorance of his absent neighbour) that they are inimical. In such a case, how are we to decide? The English language furnishes no rule of pronunciation; we must, therefore, recur to those from which it is derived.

In the present instance, we must only recur to those words which are derived from the Greek and Latin, with which our language abounds. As far as I can judge from observation, the English and Latin, as well as Greek, are directly contrary to one another in pronunciation, as will appear from the following words, which I have selected, adding the original roots:—

* Great-grandfather to Richard Cumberland, Esq. This truly Christian prelate was the author of that excellent work, entitled, *De Legibus Naturæ*.

Orător - - - - - Orātor.
Infămous - - - - *Infāmis.*
Sacrilĕgious - - - *Sacrilĕgus.*
Importūnate - - *Importūnus.*
Minĭster - - - - Minĭster.
Proselyte - - - - Προσηλυτης.
Academy - - - - Academus.
Idēa - - - - - - Ιδεα.
Irŏny - - - - - Ειρωνεια.

I will add the following from the Hebrew, or Greek if you please.

Cherūbim (Gr. χερουβιμ).
Sabăoth (Heb. *tscbūoth.*)

But any alteration in the quantity of words such as these may justly be termed an *error in orthoëpy.* I might add to my list the adjective "*obscūre*," which in poetry is often sounded *ŏbscūre*, according to the rule which I have laid down. As all rules must have exceptions, this has one. All words ending in "*ent*," follow the quantity of their original, as imprūdent, escŭlent, impŭdent, succŭlent, &c.

May it not be fairly concluded, from what I have said, that Inimical follows this general rule, and is pronounced short. Independently of any rule, we have the best authority on our side, and that alone, we may say, is "*Instar omnium.*"

C. T. S.

III.

The Cause of St. Paul's changing his Name.

This has been the cause of much dispute and doubt—Let us see if we can solve this difficulty.

Saul signifies "a destroyer"—Paul (Παυλος) "little."—Now St. Paul says, in his 1st epistle to the Corinthians, c. xv. v. 9, "I, who am the *least* of the apostles, and not worthy to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God." Does it not appear highly probable, from this passage, that this name was taken by St. Paul, on his conversion to Christianity, from a deep and piercing sense of his own unworthiness?

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

IN the Essay on Ancient and Modern Eloquence, in your Magazine for last month, I cannot be of the same opinion with the author in that part where he says, mankind easily discern their true interest, and it is extremely difficult to persuade them to act in contradiction to it. (To understand my meaning properly, it is necessary to read from the beginning of the paragraph in the essay.) If mankind in general are understood, I can quote several instances to the contrary, and among them the following:—Alcibiades, by the fire of his eloquence, made the Athenians send troops into Sicily, which was four or five hundred miles off, at the very time they were surrounded with enemies at home, and had scarcely enough to defend their own country. In this instance, the Athenians were so infatuated with the fine promises he held out to them, that they did not consider how inimical it was to their interest. Also at the time their affairs were declining, when Alcibiades gained a victory over the Lacedæmonians, they were so elated and blinded with their success, that the ambassadors who came from Sparta to treat for a peace returned without being able to accomplish any thing; while every wise man saw that it was absolutely necessary for the preservation of the republic.

I could adduce several other examples from different histories, but the above are enough to prove what I have said.

I will not deny but that it is extremely difficult to persuade people to act in contradiction to their interest, that is, when they do know it is for their interest; but when they do *not know* (which is often the case with respect to politics), they are so apt to be misled by the bold and insinuating discourses of violent orators, that they will do any thing, without considering whether it be true or false to their interest. Such is the power of eloquence!

I am, sir,
Your obedient servant
and constant reader,

Sept. 11*th*, 1807. W. R.

INK *for* MARKING LINEN, *&c.*

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

I AM induced, by the remarks of your correspondent last month, to offer an ink for marking linen, which, I believe, is the best and most durable of any that has ever been in use; I mean, *nitrate of silver* dissolved in *gum water.* The property it has over other inks is,

that it resists the action of acids and alkalies by which other inks are destroyed, and these especially by the muriatic acid, or spirit of salt, and the citric acid, taken from the juice of lemons; both which having a great affinity for iron, which is in the composition of ink, will immediately efface it; but they have little or no effect on nitrate of silver.

This salt is employed for staining marble; and animal matters stained with it are of an indelible black. It is so great an antiseptic, that Dr. Black, of Edinburgh, says, one ounce of it dissolved in 12,000 ounces of water will keep it from putrefaction for ever.

From the property of the muriatic and citric acids attacking iron, they are made use of for taking out spots of ink and iron-mould in linen, &c. I put some ink on cotton dyed with the buff colour, called nankeen, and which a single drop of spirit of salt immediately took out; but it is necessary that it should be washed in water almost immediately after, otherwise it will burn the cloth. The citric acid, however, is preferable, as it attacks iron with greater rapidity, and consequently will take out iron *moulds* much better.

Any of the above substances may be had at the chymists'.

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

London, 6*th Oct.* 1807. W. R.

Anecdote *of the late* Lord Nelson.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

ATTACHED, almost with enthusiasm, myself to every thing that is connected with the name of Nelson, is one apology for requesting you to insert the following anecdote; another is, that being little known, it may be, perhaps, quite new to the majority of your readers. Will you, then, oblige me, by giving it a more extended circulation, through the medium of your valuable Magazine? as, whatever relates to the character of that illustrious *hero* cannot fail to be interesting to his countrymen.

While cruising off Cadiz, his lordship's boats took a Spanish polacre laden with wine, &c. and from which one of his seamen contrived to smuggle on board a small cask. While, however, he was conveying it to his birth, his lordship, observing him, called out, "What, Jack, not ask your old commander to have a drop; you know I'd not serve you so." Jack, who expected nothing less than a round dozen, now advanced, with an awkward bow presented it to his lordship, and requested him to drink. Our *hero*, with his usual condescension, accepted it, and calling for glasses, with his officers and the seaman, drank "Success to the British fleet," amid the repeated shouts of the remainder of his gallant followers. He then dismissed Jack with his wine, and a reprimand—"Never to be so ill-natured again."

I am, sir,

Yours respectfully, &c. &c.

TRAFALGARIUS.

City, 3*d Oct.* 1807.

Some Thoughts *relative to* Female Seduction; *with tributary* Lines *to the* Memory *of a fair* Unfortunate.

BY T. ENORT.

HOW cool and deliberate in the worst practices of guilt, and consummate in the bye acts of villany, must that wretch be, who, in defiance of every religious restraint of conscience, and destitute of every principle of good faith toward the object whose ruin he meditates, dares, and for the momentary gratification of a base, selfish passion, to inveigle into his accursed snares the spotless form of virgin innocence, whilst he robs, by those unmanly arts which are practised by foul libertines alone, of her precious jewel of chastity some weak, credulous, and unprotected woman.

How ten times more cruel than the savage wolf or pitiless hyena, who, perchance, have torn to pieces some bleating lambkin from its flock, in extenuation of whose ferocious deeds their brute nature stands a sufficient plea, is that man who, gifted with a divine knowledge of the heinousness of "wanton barbarity," can allow himself to become the instrument of a fellow-creature's direst destruction, who can pluck some beauteous maiden fresh blooming like a rose in the wilderness, and having soiled her with those stains which adhere to lawless pollution, casts her off rank as the nettle weed that grows by the noxious pool, regardless not only of the misery into which he plunges his victim, but also of those pangs he

causes to her weeping parents, and dearest relatives and friends.

Oh, ye poor unfortunates! who, shut out from the fair paths of life, are doomed to subsist upon the earnings of disgrace, whilst ye wander friendless and unpitied in the dark rounds of nightly prostitution, though seemingly reconciled to the worst habits of sin, and lost to every noble purpose, ye rove hardened in illicit pleasure; though your eyes, with lascivious lurings, seek to attract the notice of each stranger, and your bosoms bare, heaving, bespeak Modesty's white charms for ever fled; yet not on you, children of deepest wretchedness, and frail "outcasts of society," shall the rod of avenging justice fall in punishment hereafter: the same gentle Saviour who befriended an abashed sinner of old* shall plead forgiveness for each true penitent at the throne of his Omnipotent Father—not on you, but on each iniquitous decoyer of your first footsteps to the labyrinths of vice, upon each vile seducer and ruffian profligate, who, in Satan's garb of hypocrisy, and words coined by dissimulation, satisfied his licentious appetite at the expense of your virtues and happiness, on him alone, claiming the heaviest retributions, shall the blow of terriblest vengeance be inflicted. And thou who sleepest, all silent Eliza! in the grass-grown valley, rifled by the rude hand of lasciviousness ere thy blossoms were fully displayed, shalt behold thy past transgressions blotted by tears of penitence, whilst thy proud oppressor, shuddering, shall view his enormities written in deepest blood. Amiable and unfortunate girl! the above melancholy cogitations have revived thee in my fancy; but although my pen burns with eagerness to recite thy hapless story, I will postpone it to some happier period, when I may weep more leisurely over thy woes. In the mean time, receive this tribute which affection pays to thy virtues, as she drops the tears of remembrance and pity over thy grave.

* See, in St. John, chap. viii. our Saviour's forcible reproof to the Pharisees and Scribes, and mild mediation in favour of the female transgressor, upon their bringing before him the woman who was taken in adultery, to know what punishment she was to receive: "He that is without sin amongst you, let him throw the first stone at her." He afterward uses this cheering admonition to the sinner herself, "Go, and sin no more."

What tho' no funeral trophies grace the spot
Where thou, sad daughter of distress, art lain,
Save some few flowers the village hinds have strewn,
Or gentler Robin plac'd with tenderest care;
Yet will I not unmindful pass thy grave,
Poor helpless outcast in life's toiling scene!
Nor will I trespass on thy earthly rest,
But to embalm thy ashes with a tear;
For well I knew thee, hapless child of woe!
Sorrow's frail victim! when thy heart shone gay,
And Innocence, the white-rob'd sprite of heaven,
Nurs'd thy young virtues in their lowly shade.
Curs'd be that wretch, unwarm'd by love's pure flame,
Who first licentious stole thy virgin smiles,
And won, by Flattery's smooth persuasive tongue,
Thy heart, unpractis'd in Deception's guile;
Who cropp'd the stem that held thy beauty's flow'r,
And rifling all its honied opening sweets,
Threw thee, then loathsome, like some weed away;*
Who saw thee bear the guilty load of shame,
Then mock'd thy tears, and join'd the world's loud hiss.
Curs'd be that wretch! may furies haunt his rest,
Nor Peace' white garland e'er adorn his brows!
May Conscience prick him with her sharpest thorn,
And Sorrow waste him to her leanest shade!
But thou, who bore no traces vile of guilt
But what Repentance' tears have wash'd away,
Who dwell'st the tenant now of Death's cold urn,
Soon from thy sleep to glory shalt thou rise;
When, plac'd in heaven, 'mid saints of bliss thou'lt find
A full reward for griefs sustain'd below.†

* "Threw it like some loathsome weed away." *Otway.*

† "And though a late, a sure reward succeeds." *Congreve.*

VACCINATION.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING the extensive and increasing progress of vaccine inoculation, which has been eagerly adopted by every civilized nation of the globe, and in consequence of which many large and populous districts have been completely freed from

the ravages of the small pox: notwithstanding the very flattering sanction it has received from the British legislature, who have been induced, after the fullest and most satisfactory proofs of its efficacy, to award 20,000l. to Dr. Jenner for the discovery, in addition to 10,000l. formerly granted to him; it is extraordinary and lamentable to observe, that the small pox is still suffered to be propagated by inoculation, which tends to disseminate the disease by casual infection; so that at present, in London alone, twenty-five persons a-week die of that disease, and the usual annual amount of deaths, according to the London bills of mortality, is 2,000 at least!

There are no means of ascertaining exactly the number of deplorable sufferers, who, though not quite destroyed by the small pox, are, nevertheless, grievously afflicted for life from that loathsome disease; but the number rendered blind, lame, scrophulous, deformed, and disfigured, is immense, and is estimated much below the truth at three times the amount of the deaths.

The account, then, may be fairly stated thus:—

Deaths in London alone, in one year, from the small pox.....	2000
Rendered blind, maimed, or otherwise diseased, from the same complaint..	6000
Total sufferers from small pox in one year.....	8000

Now, according to the most authentic documents that can be procured, and those documents furnished by men who do not appear to be by any means prejudiced in favour of vaccination, namely, the returns of 164,381 persons vaccinated, made to the Royal College of Surgeons, it appears,

That 24 persons, or 1 in 6,849, have had inflamed arms.

That 3 persons, or 1 in 54,793, have died of such inflamed arms.

That 66 persons, or 1 in 2,477, have had eruptions after the cow pock.

And that 56 persons, or 1 in 2,917, have had the small pox afterwards.

It ought to be stated, that I have chosen these returns made to the College of Surgeons, because they give *the most unfavourable average* of any that I have seen; according to all other accounts, the accidents that can be imputed to vaccination are very considerably fewer.

Admitting, however, the truth of the premises, that such has been the number of accidents in consequence of vaccination, it is evident, that had the 8,000 unfortunate sufferers from the small pox, above alluded to, been vaccinated,

1	only would have had an inflamed arm.
3	would have had eruptions afterwards.
and 2	might still have been liable to the small pox.
6	sufferers from vaccination out of 8,000.

Thus, instead of two thousand persons killed by the small pox, and six thousand rendered miserable for life, not a single death would have happened, and *only six* persons could, in any respect, have been rendered uneasy or dissatisfied; and it is universally acknowledged, that such accidents are less likely to occur now than formerly, on account of the improved method of vaccinating generally adopted.

It appears, then, that in a given number of cases, the advantages of the cow pock over the small pox is as 8,000 to 6, consequently those who submit to the process of vaccination have *upwards of thirteen hundred chances to one in their favour.*

With such convincing proofs before their eyes, it cannot too much be regretted, that any people should *so weakly and wickedly* sacrifice their own, their children's, and their neighbours' lives, to a silly and absurd prejudice; a prejudice arising either from misrepresentation or want of due inquiry, both of which are highly censurable, when the lives of our fellow-creatures are at stake.

Would those who refuse to admit vaccination into their families, take the trouble of investigating the facts which are well known, respecting the casual and the inoculated small pox, and compare them with the well-established facts which are known respecting the cow pock, they could hardly fail to be convinced of the great superiority of vaccination; for they would then learn,

That 1 in 6 dies of the natural small pox;
That 3 in 6 are deformed, or otherwise diseased for life, by the natural small pox;
That 1 in 100 dies of the inoculated small pox;
That 3 in 100 are deformed, or otherwise diseased for life, by the inoculated small pox;

while not 1 in 1,300 suffers in consequence of vaccination, even according to the most unfavourable statement.

They ought, likewise, to take into the account, that from every child inoculated for the small pox there is great danger of spreading the disease by casual infection. Of this numerous proofs are recorded; but I shall content myself with mentioning one, which was published before the introduction of the cow pock, and which, consequently, could not have been published to serve any sinister purpose.

The child of some poor parents, residing in a court, was inoculated for the small pox; from this child seventeen other persons catched the small pox, and eight of those seventeen died of that horrible disease.

Let every parent reflect upon this melancholy relation, and tremble for the consequences which may ensue from having their children inoculated with the small pox, and the still more lamentable ones which will ensue from the casual infection: while, at the same time, vaccination offers a safe, easy, and effectual security.

Sept. 19, 1807. S. M.

THE

LONDON REVIEW,

AND

LITERARY JOURNAL,

FOR OCTOBER, 1807.

QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.

A Journey from Madras, through the Countries of Mysore, Canara, and Malabar, performed under the Orders of the Most Noble the Marquis Wellesley, Governor-General of India, for the express Purpose of investigating the State of Agriculture, Arts, and Commerce, the Religion, Manners, and Customs, the History natural and civil, and Antiquities, in the Dominions of the Rajah of Mysore, and the Countries acquired by the Honourable East India Company, in the late and former Wars, from Tippoo Sultaun. By Francis Buchanan, M.D. Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries, of London; Fellow of the Asiatic Society of Calcutta; and in the medical Service of the Honourable East India Company on the Bengal Establishment. Published under the authority and patronage of the Directors of the East India Company. Illustrated by a map, and numerous other engravings. In three volumes, quarto, 1807.

CONTEMPLATING the rise of our Oriental commerce from its *germ*, which, we think, was planted by SIGELM, Bishop of SHIRBURN, who is said, so long ago as 883, to have made a voyage and journey from England to India,* to its present flourishing state, we feel a patriotic pride in connecting with it the idea of the opulence of the greatest mercantile company that was ever known in the world; and, at the same time, the sincerest moral gratification that its members have blended POLITICS with COMMERCE, and have, in latter ages, become STATESMEN in the most correct sense of the appellation; namely, in their endeavours, from accurate investigation, to learn the real state of those immense and truly important regions entrusted to their superintendence, with a view to promote the welfare and happiness of almost incalculable millions of subjects, whom a variety of circumstances, commercial and belligerent, have, most fortunately for them, rescued from the grasp of tyranny, and placed under the mild domination of his present Majesty.

To execute their arduous task with effect, the East India Company have,

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* *Gest. Reg. Angl. f.* 24, *a*; *Gest. Pontif. f.* 144, *a*.

for a considerable period, but particularly from the year 1780, given encouragement to the production of plans for the government and regulation of India; the consequence of which has been, that, so numerous were the systems proposed, that the real objects to which they wished to turn the attention of their advisers were lost in a chaos of conjecture and speculation. A few grains of wheat might, perhaps, be found in as many bushels of chaff: these, probably, were preserved, and now flourish; but as it still became necessary to form a more extensive and more permanent code of regulation and legislation than that in operation, the opinions of the servants of the company, men of great local knowledge and long experience, were therefore resorted to, which were, consequently, digested, and became the subjects of a bill of regulations, by which INDIAN AFFAIRS, considered in the broadest acceptation of that term, were placed under the controul of the executive government.

Though, by this political measure, the directors of the East India Company were relieved from the burthen of an immense responsibility, they still continued their laudable endeavours to promote those improvements to which they had before directed their attention: statistical, political, legal, economical, antiquarian, mythological, and literary researches were encouraged; and while their inclinations soared to the highest, they did not overlook the lowest objects that might give them an insight respecting the religion, laws, arts, manufactures, commerce, manners, customs, agriculture, natural and civil history, &c. of those countries under their extensive influence. In consequence of this truly political and benevolent intention, which was most ably and liberally promoted by the governor-general of India, the work which we have now the pleasure to introduce in this Magazine was composed and published. Dr. BUCHANAN, a medical gentleman, whose learning and talents most amply qualified him for the task, and a most arduous task it was, was employed by the MARQUIS WELLESLEY to explore three of the most important, and some of the subordinate provinces of India: the result of his investigation, it appears, was such as merited the patronage of the court of directors of the East India Company; and we have no question, from the importance and rarity of his researches, they will meet with the same favour from the public.

To give any thing like an adequate idea of a work so various in its objects, and so multifarious in its contents, though, probably, not beyond the scope of our power, is certainly beyond the bounds of possibility, within the space to which we are limited. To delineate in broad, and, we fear, incorrect outlines, its general character, and occasionally to detail a prominent feature of it, as it strikes our imagination, is all that we can do; and therefore, as Dr. B. will, with respect to its purport, better explain himself in five minutes than we could do in as many hours, we shall quote part of his introduction.

"A copy of the following work, which was transmitted to the directors of the East India Company, having been placed in their library, Mr. Wilkins, who has the charge of that valuable institution, thought that its publication might be useful, and therefore recommended the measure to the patronage of the court, which, with great liberality, consented to his request, and encouraged the undertaking by a large subscription. Accordingly, in the end of the year 1805, an agreement was made with some respectable booksellers. Soon afterwards, my duty having unexpectedly brought me to England, I was agreeably surprised to find that my journal had obtained a reception so favourable. It is true, I wished to have abridged the work before publication, and altered its arrangement; but as the printing had commenced before my arrival, and as my stay in England was likely to be very short, I could not undertake such alterations. I have, therefore, contented myself with revising the manuscript; and the superintendancy of the press has been entrusted to Mr. Stephen Jones."

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"The following instructions, which I received from the governor-general before I commenced my journey, will sufficiently explain the views which that distinguished nobleman had in employing me.

"*Copy of the Governor-General's Instructions, dated Fort William, 24th February*, 1800.

"Your inquiries are to extend throughout the dominions of the present *Rájá of Mysore*, and the country acquired by the company in the late war with the sultan, as well as to that part of *Malabar* which the company annexed to their own territories in their former war under Marquis Cornwallis.

"The first great object of your attention should be, the agriculture of the country; under which head your inquiries should include, and tend to ascertain, the following points, with as much accuracy as the circumstances will admit."

These points are detailed with great perspicuity. Under the subject of agriculture are included—ESCULENT VEGETABLES, CATTLE, FARMS, COTTON, PEPPER, SANDAL WOOD, and CARDAMOMS. Then follow the other objects of research, such as—MINES, QUARRIES, MINERALS and MINERAL SPRINGS, MANUFACTURES and MANUFACTURERS, CLIMATE and SEASONS of MYSORE, INHABITANTS, &c.

These, with the FORESTS in general, and the examination of the TIMBER and FRUIT TREES in particular, form the principal features of the subsequent pages, to which it is now time to direct the reader's more peculiar attention.

Dr. B. it appears, set out from *Madras*, upon this philosophical journey, in the afternoon of the 23d of *April*, 1800; but he states, that his disquisitions could not commence, with proper effect, until his arrival at *Seringapatam*, though he antecedently makes many observations on the appearance of the country, and other circumstances, which struck him as he proceeded. Among these, his notices of the resting-places for porters, who carry their burdens on their heads, the inns or *choultries*, remind us of a species of hospitality general in Persia, but which, we lament, is not prevalent in Bengal.

"From *Madras* to *Kávarypák*, the road is tolerably good. From *Kávarypák* to *Arcot*, a wheel-carriage could not easily pass. Many of the rich natives travel in bullock coaches, like those in *Calcutta*, called *chegera*. Near *Arcot* I met the Mussulmans women riding on bullocks, and entirely wrapped up in white veils, so as to conceal both features and shape."

We have, though we have proceeded through a very few more than forty pages of the work, frequently had occasion to admire the industry of the author; his talents seem to expand as he advances, and to exhibit an accuracy of investigation most admirably adapted to the nature of his researches; his method was, in his diurnal progress, to examine the face of the country, the state of cultivation, the character, casts, and pursuits of the inhabitants; the botanical, metallic, and mineral productions of the district; the arts and manufactures; and an infinite variety of subjects connected with these, of which architecture and horticulture are the principal. Of these, two striking examples are given in this chapter, in his description of the palace at *Bangalore*, and the gardens made by the late Mussulmans princes, *Hyder* and *Tippoo*. The political diseases of the mind, and the contagious diseases of the body, which are exemplified in the discontent of the *Bráhmans* upon the fall of *Tippoo*, although that event freed them from persecution, and in the prevalence of the leprosy, &c. also become objects of his attention, and, perhaps, like the prevalence of fevers, want of appetite, and pains of the bowels, the leprous distemper, which causes the skins of the Indians to *become white*, may be accounted for by referring it to the unhealthiness of the climate.

In detailing the austerity affected by *Tippoo*, Dr. B. says,

"This prince is said to have attempted to introduce a great strictness of manners, absolutely prohibiting the use of all spirituous liquors, and ordering that no loose women should be tolerated. He was himself, however, unreasonably addicted to women, and the *Bráhmans* here allege, that he sometimes forced away the most beautiful of their daughters. After some detention in the *Zenána*, if he did not like them he sent the girls back to their fathers, who, in general, refused to admit them into their families. But *Tippoo* was not to be treated in this manner with impunity. On such occasions, he sent for the father, took from him all his property, and flogged him severely. He then ordered the girl to point out any *Bráhman* for a husband, and the unfortunate man was flogged till he gave his consent. A loss of cast, of course, ensued; but the husband commonly fled out of *Tippoo*'s dominions, leaving his wife behind to want or prostitution. On going to another place, and turning away his unclean wife, he could get an absolution from his *Guru*, with permission to marry again."

The second chapter treats of *Seringapatam* and its vicinity. This city, the author observes, is, with respect to its geographical situation, well known: but he gives us a more particular description of its interior than we have yet seen; which also includes an account of its capture, the death of *Tippoo*, the destruction of the garrison, and the plunder of the place. It is not pleasant to read of these excesses, even against the enemies of this country; although we hope and trust, that, owing to the humanity and generosity of our national character, fewer enormities occurred in this storm than in many others which *stain* the historic page.

We should have before noticed, that the frontispiece to this volume is a most exquisitely executed portrait of that youthful prince, KRISHNA RAJA, *curtur* or sovereign of *Mysore*; and this chapter is embellished with another, of equal excellence, representing NUNDI RAJA, maternal grandfather of the *Curtur*. These are from pictures in the possession of the *Marquis Wellesley*. The former of these princes, the present *Rájá*, was, by the adopted son of the old *Rájá*, *Crishna*, left in the charge of an old lady, and of *Nundi Rájá*, his mother's father, a respectable relative. Through the intervention of the English, the young prince was, probably, preserved, and placed on the throne. *Tippoo*, whose policy it was to destroy every monument of the former government, had razed *Mysore*, and even removed the stones of the palace and temples to a neighbouring height, where he was building a fort, the whole of the works of which were lying in a mass of confusion when the siege began, and the place seems only to have had remaining, of what may be termed regular buildings, a few huts for the accommodation of the workmen.

"Into the best of these, in July last," says Dr. B. "the young *Rájá* was conducted, and placed on the throne. At the same time the rebuilding of the old palace of *Mysore* was commenced. It is now so far advanced as to be a comfortable dwelling, and I found the young prince seated in it, on a handsome throne which had been presented to him by the company. He has very much recovered his health; and, though he is only betwixt six and seven years of age, speaks and behaves with great propriety and decorum. From Indian *etiquette*, he endeavours, in public, to preserve a dignified gravity of countenance; but the attentions of Colonel Close, the resident, to whom he is greatly indebted, for that officer's distinguished efforts in his delivery, make him sometimes relax, and then his face is very lively and interesting."

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"The three sides of the square" (in the palace of *Seringapatam*) "formerly used as warehouses, are now occupied by the five younger sons of *Tippoo*, who have not yet been removed to *Vellore*. They are well-looking boys, and are permitted to ride and exercise themselves in the square, when they are desirous so to do; they are also allowed to view the parade, and to hear the music belonging to the troops in garrison."

In short, for some political reason which we do not pretend to develop, they are kept in an honourable kind of captivity."

Speaking of the Zenána, or women's apartments, Dr. B. observes,

"This has remained perfectly inviolate, under the usual guard of eunuchs, and contains about six hundred women, belonging to the sultan and his late father. A great part of these are slaves, or attendants on the ladies; but they are kept in equally strict confinement with their mistresses. The ladies of the sultan are about eighty in number. Many of them are from *Hindustan Proper*, and many are the daughters of Brahmans and *Hindu* princes taken by force from their parents when very young, and have been carefully brought up in a zealous belief in the religion of Mahomet. I have sufficient reason to think, that none of these are desirous of leaving their confinement, being wholly ignorant of any other manner of living, and having no acquaintance whatever beyond the walls of their prison."

In order to convey to the reader an exact idea of the progress in the art of painting made at Seringapatam, Dr. B. has annexed a coloured print of a *Brahman*, his wife, and child, which does not give us a very favourable idea of the genius of the artists in that city: in fact, from other parts of the peninsula we have seen much better specimens.

The pursuits and inquiries of Dr. B. at *Seringapatam* are of the same nature as those that we have already mentioned; but as he proceeds in his progress, his information becomes more important, because the result of his investigation is more minutely detailed: to us he seems to have collected a vast body of intelligence on the subjects to which his attention was, by his orders, pointed, and on several others which may be deemed collateral, though equally curious and valuable. These kind of disquisitions in every country are of the greatest consequence, but more particularly so with regard to India, where the ardour of statistical and philosophical researches, first introduced and encouraged by that great promoter of the arts, sciences, and literature of *Hindustan*, Mr. HASTINGS, has, we fear, rather languished, or, if we may be permitted to use the word, become *unsystematized*, since the termination of his government, and the death of that luminary of the scientific world, the late Sir William Jones: we are therefore happy to hail their revival, because, like the sun, which is still an object of religious adoration by one

sect of Indians, in their expansion they will, in time, relumine the light of the whole peninsula.

From *Seringapatam*, Dr. B. in the third chapter, proceeds to *Bangalore*, where we have, among many other articles, a very curious account of the cultivation of the sugar cane; a most important article of Indian food, and, consequently, of Indian commerce.

In his inquiries respecting a religion so enveloped in mystery, and so entangled in mythology, as that of *Hindustan*, we are not surprised that Dr. B. received so little satisfaction from the *Sri Vaishnavam Bráhman* with regard to his sect; the whole mythology seems to us, and we have a little turned our attention to the subject, a much worse regulated, and more inartificial series of poetical fictions, than that which is termed the heathen; though both appear to exhibit much stronger features of ingenuity than of piety.

In the fourth chapter, Dr. B. says,

"From the 22d of June until the 2d of July, I remained at *Bangalore*, or *Bangaluru*, a city which was founded by *Hyder*, and which, during the judicious government of that prince, became a place of importance. Its trade was then great, and its manufactures numerous. *Tippoo* began its misfortunes by prohibiting the trade with the dominions of *Arcot* and *Hydcrâbâd*, because he detested the powers governing both countries. He then sent large quantities of goods, which he forced the merchants to take at a high rate. These oppressions had greatly injured the place; but it was still populous, and many individuals were rich, when Lord Cornwallis arrived before it with his army, in great distress for want of provisions. This reduced him to the necessity of giving the assault immediately, and the town was, of course, plundered. The rich inhabitants had previously removed their most valuable effects into the fort; but these, too, fell a prey to the invaders when the citadel was taken by storm. After the English left the place, *Tippoo* encouraged the inhabitants to come back, and, by promises, allured them to collect together the wrecks of their fortunes from the different places to which these had been conveyed. No sooner had he effected this, than, under pretence of their having been friendly to the English, he surrounded the place with troops, and fleeced the inhabitants, till even the women were obliged to part with their most trifling ornaments. He then kept them shut up within a hedge which surrounded the town at the distance of a *cos*, till the advance of General Harris made the guard withdraw. The inhabitants, not knowing whom to trust, immediately dispersed, and, for some months, the place continued deserted. The people, however, are now flocking to it from all quarters; and, although there are few rich individuals, trade and manufactures increase apace, and the imports and exports are estimated already to amount to one-fourth of what they were in its most flourishing state. The manufacturers and petty traders are still very distrustful and timid: but the merchants, many of whom have been at MADRAS, and are acquainted with British policy, seem to have the utmost confidence in the protection of our government."

A very important, and extremely useful part of this work, is the author's curious inquiries respecting the manufactures and manufacturers of those countries through which he travelled: of these we shall extract his account of the *Puttuegars*, or silk weavers, as a specimen; though, had our space permitted, we could, from this volume, have selected many more elaborate disquisitions.

"The *Puttuegars*, or silk-weavers, make cloth of a very rich, strong fabric. The patterns for the first five kinds of dresses are similar to each other, but are much varied by the different colours employed, and the different figures woven into the cloth, for they rarely consist of plain work. Each pattern has an appropriate name, and for the common sale is wrought of three different degrees of fineness. If any person chooses to commission them, whatever parts of the pattern he likes may be wrought in gold thread; but as this greatly enhances the value, such cloths are never wrought, except when commissioned. The fabric of the sixth kind of dress is also strong and rich, but the figures resemble those on the shawls of *Cashmire*.

"The turbans are made of a thin fabric of cotton and silk."

Dr. B. observes, that the *Puttuegars* dye much of their own silk, and states their various processes. This, with respect to numerous articles of manufactures, seems to us a very useful part of the work, as, through its medium, we become acquainted with a variety of operations and materials that may tend to the improvement of our own; for although the manufactures of England are, with respect to machinery in particular, most certainly in a much higher state of perfection than those of *Hindustan*, still, from efforts which, especially in the weaving branch, produce articles of consummate beauty, much may be learned. The speculative mind, when turned to certain objects, very frequently, from slight hints, receives instruction which

expands into systems and operations, by which, in philosophy, the arts, manufactures, and even commerce, the greatest advantages are derived: therefore, with respect to dyeing at *Bangalore*, we were much gratified to observe, that the author had so thoroughly investigated the subject.

The weavers of *Bangalore* he represents as a very ingenious class of men, but that they do not appear to meet with that encouragement which ingenuity always merits, for we agree with him that

"The silk manufacture seems especially favourable for a country so far from the sea and from navigable rivers; as long carriage on such a valuable article is of little importance."

From *Bangalore*, the author proceeds to *Doda Bala-Púra*. In the course of his journey, the cultivation of rice, and of the sugar-cane, engage much of his attention; which is also, as usual, employed upon an accurate examination of the inhabitants of the several districts through which he passed; their religious opinions, modes of life, agriculture, planting, &c. His accounts of the cultivation of the *betel leaf*, or *piper betel*, and of the management of the *lac* insect, are extremely curious.

In the sixth chapter, the journey is continued from *Doda Bala-Púra* to *Sira*, where the same objects of research engage the attention of Dr. B. Of his mode of describing the customs of the inhabitants (respecting which, we must observe, there seems, in every particular cast, a kind of characteristic similarity, varied only by local and professional circumstances), we shall quote a specimen.

"The *Teliga Dévángas*, of the *Siva*' sect, intermarry with those who worship *Vishnu*, and the wife always adopts the religion of her husband. Even after the age of puberty the women may marry,* and, except for adultery, cannot be divorced. Polygamy is allowed to the men, but they do not confine their women. Widows were formerly expected to bury themselves alive with their husbands' bodies, but the custom has become obsolete. The people of this cast are allowed to eat animal food, but not to drink spirituous liquors. They offer sacrifices to the *Saktis*, and have the same opinion concerning a future life that the *Canara Dévángas* entertain; they can read, and write accompts. Although they do not wear the *linga*, they reject the *Bráhmans* as *Gurus*, and follow *Cari-Buswa Uppa*, who admonishes them to wash their heads, and to pray to *Iswara*. He, as usual, receives *Dharma*, or charity, and on every marriage has a small fee. At births, marriages, funerals, new moons, and the annual celebration of their parents' decease, the *Panchanga* reads *mantrams*, but the *Jangamas* share the profits."

The Indian terms, which, it will be particularly observed, must, from the nature of the work, abound, are explained in the index, which is equally correct and comprehensive.

(*To be continued.*)

* The girls of some of the *Hindu* casts are obliged to marry before.

Strictures on the Motions made in the last Parliament, respecting the Pledge which his Majesty was under the Necessity of demanding from his late Ministers, and which, in those Motions, was most unconstitutionally made a Subject of Accusation: in a Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Howick. By John Bowles, Esq. 8vo. pp. 57.

With the works of Mr. Bowles we have long been acquainted: their characteristics are, a thorough knowledge of the subjects on which he treats; good sense, perspicuity, and elegance in his diction. In the present pamphlet, all these necessary appendages to a well written piece are apparent. He has taken up a subject which has strongly engaged, and still engages, a considerable share of public attention, and has, from the premises stated in the title, deduced a concatenation of arguments which, in our opinions, justify his Strictures. But although we risk this observation, we always, in political matters, offer *our* opinions with great diffidence, because we are very little in the habits of turning our attention toward them. Endeavouring to support this Magazine by excursive sallies into the more flowery paths of literature, by wit and humour, or by researches into antiquity, remarks on the arts, or disquisitions respecting the state of commerce, we naturally shrink from the aridity of party discussion: yet still we may venture to observe, that this pamphlet, being upon a subject very likely to be again brought before the public, seems to us highly interesting; the more so, as it is at once argumentative and *temperate*: and, therefore, we have no doubt but it will be read with avidity when those meteors which now blaze in the political zenith meet, clash, and impel the clouds of party to pour forth all

their store, and again toss the MAN of WAR which has obtained the appellation of OLD ENGLAND upon contending torrents of ELOQUENCE.

Antiquities of Westminster. The Old Palace, St. Stephen's Chapel (now the House of Commons), &c. &c. Containing two hundred and forty-six Engravings of topographical Objects, of which one hundred and twenty-two no longer remain. By John Thomas Smith. One volume, imperial quarto.

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Mr. SMITH now proceeds to examine the interior of the chapel of St. Stephen; in which he observes, that,

"With the exception of the space for the altar, there was a plain stone projection all round. Against the wall were two seats of Purbeck marble, each about a foot high, and of the same width."

But although his description is unquestionably accurate, a much better idea of the place may be formed from the plate, containing the three following views:

1st. The north east corner of St. Stephen's Chapel.
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From a laborious, and, we think, successful investigation, Mr. S. is inclined to believe, that Master Thomas (as he is termed) of Canterbury, who, it appears, was the master mason, made the designs, as well as constructed the models of St. Stephen's Chapel.

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"Accounts so voluminous and complicated as these it is not easy to state clearly and intelligibly; for in those which profess to relate solely to the palace, many articles occur respecting the chapel, notwithstanding that, in other instances, the expenses of the chapel are kept distinct, and entered on separate and detached rolls. Neither can any average of the weekly expenditure, or any guess at the cost of the whole undertaking, be formed, because the variation in the number of workmen employed, and in the sorts and quantities of the materials used, such as sometimes stone for building, and sometimes painters' colours, and other less important particulars, renders it impossible to compare the weeks with each other. A selection of the articles, and an arrangement of them under different heads to which they belong, was, therefore, thought the best method, and they are here so placed accordingly."

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Mr. Haslam, a very excellent chymist,* has, we find, taken the pains to analyze the colours, oils, and varnish, of the several paintings discovered. Perhaps our chymical readers will smile at the idea of analyzing pigments that had been locked up in an oleaginous vehicle, and covered with varnish, for near four centuries and a half: yet Mr. Haslam has produced a curious, though, to us, not a *quite* satisfactory letter upon the subject. The process of these, and of all other ancient pictures that we have seen, seems to have been the same that is now in use in heraldic and coach painting. Leaf gold and silver were frequently spread upon the stone or pannel, as a ground to heighten and give effect and brilliancy to many colours, either naturally transparent, or rendered so by varnish. This is the modern practice in those species of painting to which we have alluded; and we think the ingenious method of rendering pigments transparent by varnish, or, as it is termed, preparing them for *glazing*, was used by the late Sir Joshua Reynolds, with little advantage to the stability of his colouring. At the same time it is obvious, that the very small quantity of *lake*, carmine, ultramarine, &c. in proportion to the vehicle with which they were saturated, would, in a long series of years, render analyzation impossible.

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erected but a short time before 1394. The period of the erection of the *new* cloisters, on the north side of the said chapel, has not been ascertained.

" It was evident," he observes, " in the course of the late alterations, on digging in the speaker's garden, which lies between the east end of the house of commons and the river, that the whole of that garden was a modern embankment; that the east wall of that range of buildings which had been formerly the vicar's houses, was the extreme boundary wall towards the river, at one time came up close to it, as eight timber piles standing upright in the earth were found there, placed, no doubt, for the purpose of keeping off the craft."

This wall ranged along the river, and was, probably, continued to Whitehall, as it was afterwards termed.

" Of the ornaments and decorations of St. Stephen's Chapel," says Mr. S. " a general account has been given; but it is now time to examine them separately and minutely; for which purpose accurate engravings are here inserted.

" The three plates, entitled, Specimens of Painted Glass from St. Stephen's Chapel, exhibit every colour known in the practice of staining glass. In the first plate are contained such as represent foliage; in the second, animals and pieces of borders; and in the third, different parts of the human figure, and of the inscriptions that accompanied them. There is reason to suppose, that, in some instances, the windows were painted with the arms of England and France, as lions and fleurs-des-lys are among the pieces, and that they also contained figures, probably historical subjects from scripture; and for these representations the foliage and ornaments are conceived to have served as a back ground. In all instances, these specimens are of the size of the originals."

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" The two plates, entitled, Specimens of Grotesque Paintings, exhibit those imaginary animals by which the shields of armorial bearings placed on the lower frieze round the chapel were supported. It does not appear that at this time heraldic supporters had been assumed as the distinction of nobility in general; Richard II. is said to have been the first person by whom they were used,* and his were two angels."

" The disposition to caricature and burlesque," Mr. S. observes, " seems a principle so strong in the human mind, that it is difficult to repress it;" (this, we think, is fully exemplified in the specimens of antique chimeras, grotesque ornaments, &c. that have descended to us;) and it is certain, that the consideration of" (the) " indelicacy, or the impropriety, of *converting* a building destined for religious worship into a satire and libel on any set of persons, has not been sufficient to prevent their introduction into this and many other similar edifices in an early age. Into Henry the VIIth's chapel at Westminster, in a later period, figures so exceptionable have been introduced, as not to be atoned for by the masterly style in which they have been executed."

It is certain, that no style, however excellent, could atone for the introduction of the figures to which Mr. S. alludes into so sacred a place, or, indeed, into any other. The inspection of them shews what kind of ideas were engendered in cloisters; and their being well executed renders the impiety and immorality of the pieces still more conspicuous, their evil tendency still more glaring.

" In the two next plates are given the armorial bearings, which, with the exception of the cross of St. George, and the arms of Edward the Confessor (the fourth in order on the first plate), may be reasonably supposed to be the arms of persons living at the time they were put up."

Certainly it may: but we should also suppose, that these were not only the arms of persons who were benefactors to the chapel, but who were interred in or near it. Yet as much doubt prevails respecting this circumstance, and it is in itself of little importance, it seems to us to be a waste of conjecture to aim at its further elucidation.

The two plates of ancient sculpture from St. Stephen's Chapel, which follow those of the armorial bearings, are, in our opinions, much more pleasing, as they give us a correct idea of the taste of those times in an elegant branch of the polite arts, and may serve as admirable specimens to shew the exquisite manner in which the chapel was constructed and finished. The brackets, pinnacles, and other ornaments, must be esteemed beautiful, even in this age of architectural refinement.

" The next plate contains the figures of two knights in complete armour, with the names MERCURE and EUSTACE under them; they were painted against the wall of the second pier from the altar, on the north side of the chapel. Mercœur is the name of a small village in France, which was the pro-

* Mr. S. must mean in England; for surely their use is to be traced upon the continent much higher than even the beginning of the fourteenth century, which was twenty-six years antecedent to the accession of Edward III.

perty of an ancient family, to whom also it gave the title of the lords of Mercœur."

Into the history of this family, of which Mr. S. gives an account, extracted from Moreri, it is unnecessary for us to enter, for two reasons: the first, because it is not very clearly ascertained that the picture commemorated one of its representatives; and the second, that, if it did, it is not extremely interesting, inasmuch as the hero of the story, supposing the account to be correct, seems to have been but little connected with English transactions, and therefore unlikely to have had a place in St. Stephen's Chapel.

The original of the picture of the other knight, Eustace, appears to be as much involved in doubt and mystery. Mr. S. says, that

"Three persons of the name of Eustace have been found, with whom the representation in the plate might correspond. Eustace de Ribemont" (who, it will be remembered, was conquered by Edward III. in single combat, at the attack of Calais*), "Eustace de Ambridgecourt, and Eustace de Ambretticourt, if, indeed, the two last, as there is some reason to suspect, were not *one* and the same person."

Whether they were or not is not very material, because, if either of the three was represented, it was, most probably, the first, who was, we believe, in England, and respecting whose youth and paucity of *beard* we think the argument of the editor weighs little.* Yet we still adhere to the idea, that the two pictures are the representatives of English knights; against which conjecture their names are no bars, because, in the fourteenth century, half the nobility, and indeed commoners, in this country had French appellations, unquestionably derived from their Norman ancestors. Respecting the pictures themselves, as graphic curiosities, accurately delineated and engraved by Mr. Smith, and beautifully coloured, we can scarcely find words of commendation adequate to their merit. Yet while we think, in this point of view, the artist deserves the greatest praise, for having rescued such valuable vestiges from total oblivion, there seems a still greater importance to be annexed to them than will be generally imagined; and this, we conceive, is, that they are faithful portraits of the warlike costume of those times, and shew us exactly how the heroes of Cressy and Poictiers appeared in complete panoply. Thus, while they teach us to wonder at the load of encumbrances under which our nobility must have groaned in the field, they also give us a more correct insight at home with respect to the state of the metallic arts, engraving, enamelling, &c. than we were before furnished with. In fact, those artisans that cou'd execute the various pieces of armour which enclose the bodies of these knights, must have arrived at very great perfection in their several professions, and, therefore, had their talents been turned to things of greater utility, most unquestionably would have done away the reproach which the English, for ages, laboured under, of clumsiness in their construction of metallic articles applicable to domestic purposes.

"Nothing particular," says Mr. S. "occurs in the three next plates, the subjects of which are, the angels appearing to the shepherds, the adoration of the shepherds, and

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* This circumstance is mentioned by Mr. S. in the next page: it was, as a poetical episode, introduced by Shirley, in his play of EDWARD THE BLACK PRINCE; OR, THE BATTLE OF POICTIERS (a piece which, with all its faults, was once very popular), in the following lines, spoken by *Ribemont*, which we quote from memory:—

"At our attack of Calais, 'twas my fortune
To meet in fight this third King Edward's sword.
I found him all that heathens held their gods,
Artful and mighty! (pardon the proud vaunt)
Too much for me to conquer. Long we stood
Buckler to buckler, clashing steel to steel,
Till, by superior soldiership o'ercome,
I yielded to a monarch: but so well,
With hardy vigour, I'd sustain'd the combat,
That freedom ransomless was my reward.
The royal victor, when he bade me go,
Took from his brow this string of orient wealth,
Around my temples twin'd the glittering wreath,
And cried, 'Shine there, my token of applause."
Oh! if his valour wing'd Amazement high,
Where was its flight, when his heroic soul,
Forgetting that my sword had aim'd his slaughter,
O'erlook'd all low regards, all partial ties,
And gave a vanquish'd enemy renown."

* He might have been a young man at the attack of Calais, 1348, and yet have had a *tolerable* beard, if he let it grow to the time he was killed, which was at the battle of Poictiers, 1356.

the purification, except that in the first of these there is a square recess, apparently for the purpose of receiving some vessel used in divine service, and that in the second, on the pillow behind the virgin's head, are the characters I h c, corruptions of I H Σ, the three first letters of our Saviour's name, Jesus, in Greek. The Greek sygma, or S, was originally written like our C, or, in some cases, of this form, Ɛ: instances of it thus written may be found in ancient inscriptions, particularly in some of those on the Arundelian marbles at Oxford. In this plate are two mutilations which are projections from the wall, and are supposed to have been parts of brackets for holding vessels for the use of the altar. All these paintings, together with that of the king represented on the plate that follows them, were situated at the east end of the altar, and are abundantly curious, as shewing the state of history-painting in England at so early a period.

"The figure of the king in the opposite" (the fourth) "plate" (of this series) "is supposed, by some of those persons who saw the original painting, to be a portrait. The king most likely to be" (have been) "represented was Edward III. because the paintings are unquestionably of his time; but it could not be him, because it is a youth, and therefore most probably was not the portrait of any one, though in the dress of the time."

We cannot concur with the opinion of Mr. S. that nothing particular occurs in the three plates first noticed: on the contrary, we think that they abound with food for observation. In the first instance, as he rightly observes, they shew the state of historical painting in the time of Edward III. which, we find by these specimens, had ascended to a much higher situation in the scale of polite arts than it had before been supposed to have attained.

In the pictures of early ages, we have never before seen the graces of composition, or what the French call the *ordonnance* of the piece, even so much as aimed at; if the artists of those times had worked up the heads, and touched the features, to their ideas of perfection, they thought that they had done all which the most fastidious critic in the graphic art could require. However, these pictures, in the second place, shew us, that there were some painters in the fourteenth century, that deemed composition, drapery, light, and shade, &c. necessary parts of an historical piece. There is something extremely pretty in the first of these plates, which represents the angel appearing to the shepherds; and it is a curious circumstance, that there is, we think, extant in a print, the figure of the shepherd boy playing on the double pipe; at least we are certain that the subject is not new to us. The composition of the second piece, the adoration of the shepherds, is more stiff; but it is still, in its general construction, more picturesque than could have been expected from the age in which it was designed: the manger and cattle sketched in the back ground seem, in their disposition, to have been an idea that would have done no discredit to a modern master. From small circumstances characteristic traits may be gathered. The *swaddling* of the infant, in a manner practised in the east to this hour, was also the custom in England till after the middle of the last century; a practice to which millions of children have fallen sacrifices. Notwithstanding we have observed that the composition of this piece is rather stiff, that is not in any degree the case with that of the two figures in the succeeding plate, called the Purification. These, in point of their general idea and *costume*, might have been supposed to have been painted by West, had the drawing of their extremities been sufficiently correct to warrant the comparison. The drapery of these figures is, in its colouring, sober, in its disposition solemn and appropriate; and, recurring to recollection, far more characteristic than that of many Madonas and saints, which we have seen, that were highly esteemed, and enormously appreciated, as being *classic* productions of the French and of the Italian schools.

We perfectly agree with Mr. S. that the king represented in the fourth plate is not Edward III. but we cannot suppose, with him, that it is not the portrait of *any one*, because the absurdity of exhibiting a royal figure that had not the smallest application to any person, could not have passed unobserved in a period of such sagacity as the reign of the above-named monarch. We, therefore, are induced to believe, that it was designed to represent John of Gaunt, King of Castille and Leon, who assumed this title about the year 1371: and a circumstance that strengthens this conjecture, and leads us rather to believe that it was him than Richard II. though the youth of the subject might, perhaps, warrant that opinion,

is, that his crown is correctly that of CASTILLE, the same as that exhibited upon the head of JOHN OF GAUNT, in his portrait in the window of the library of All Souls College, Oxford. The figure in the picture in Mr. S.'s work seems to bear in his hand a castellated ornament with *three points*, and the same appears on the sceptre. These were the *insignia* of Castille. Whether the surmounting leaves are intended to represent lilies for LEON it is impossible to say.

The two last plates in this work are a view of the Cotton Garden, Westminster, which presents to us a scene of ruin and dilapidation such as we well remember, and upon which, did the occasion call for it, and our space permit, we could amply moralize! the other plate exhibits vestiges of cornice; a curious oak door, with arabesque ornaments, discovered in the speaker's state dining-room; a mural monument in the cloisters; and tiles from the vicars' houses.

The additional information appended to the address to the subscribers, besides that we do not annex that importance to it which Mr. Smith seems to think it deserves, would swell the article, already too much extended, far beyond our limits. Taking a general view of the work, we must re-observe, that it contains much curious and valuable information respecting a fabric which, although once a principal ornament of the city of Westminster, has never before been so thoroughly explored, or so particularly elucidated. The circumstances attendant upon the alteration which the political situation of the country had rendered absolutely necessary, seems to have stimulated the disquisitive faculties of Mr. S. and to have animated him to researches that have, in their operation and result, produced a volume which is at once equally splendid in its embellishments, and useful in its contents. If the author has, as we have before hinted, occasionally descended too much into detail, it is a fault which only regards the general reader; for the architect and the antiquarian will dwell with pleasure on those technical descriptions and minute researches that sometimes seem to give an extension of page without affording an extension of information; at any rate, compared to the superficial notices of important matters now so generally in fashion, it is a fault so much on the right side, that we know not how to censure indefatigable industry which we certainly cannot in its extreme parts very heartily commend.

The plates in this work are, though very different in their subjects, uniformly excellent: they do the greatest honour to the taste, genius, and correctness of the delineators, to the talents of the engravers, and to the liberality of the proprietor. Where a volume bears this splendid character of excellence, it may perhaps seem invidious to observe upon a few errors in the diction which struck us as we perused its pages; but still we would just hint to Mr. S. that although in topographical and descriptive labours a greater latitude of expression may be allowed than in those where style forms a most essential part; yet to render this effusion as nearly perfect as possible, it will be proper to give it a revisal before the publication of a second edition, which probably will, from its general merit, soon be demanded. J. M.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Honourable Henry Home, of Kames, one of the Senators of the College of Justice, and one of the Lords Commissioners of Justiciary in Scotland: containing Sketches of the Progress of Literature and general Improvement in Scotland during the greater Part of the Eighteenth Century. Two volumes, 4to, 1807.

(*Concluded from page* 209.)

We are now reluctantly arrived at the last period of the life of Lord Kames, who, says his learned biographer,

"At the very advanced age of eighty-five was free from any chronical disease, or even from those symptoms of bodily infirmity which are the usual attendants of a decline of life. His constitution, though never apparently strong, was remarkably sound; and although his manner of living was sociable, and at no time repugnant to moderate indulgences, it had, on the whole, been temperate. The practice of regular exercise in the open air, and his frequent journies, had happily counteracted the injury his health must otherwise have sustained from his habits of intense study. His faculties still remained remarkably entire, and although a slight failure of memory, and some abatement of that quickness of apprehension for which he was so much distinguished, gave the first intimation of a diminished vigour of mind, he was not only able to continue the dis-

charge of his public duties, but to relish the society of his friends, and to solace himself with his literary occupations."

Of that happy spirit which emanates into the enjoyment of domestic conviviality, and leads our northern brethren to seek for that amusement in the bosom of their families, which is sought in vain in other places, Lord Kames seems to have possessed a very considerable portion.

"He continued to enjoy those small and select evening parties which usually met at his house, during the winter and summer sessions, without invitation; where, from the agreeable intermixture of the guests, literary conversation was happily blended with innocent mirth and pleasantry. At these meetings it was the envied privilege of a few of his younger friends to find a place, and the graver conversation of a SMITH, a BLAIR, and a FERGUSSON was agreeably tempered and enlivened by the native wit, the splendid abilities, and the engaging manners of a CULLEN,* or the sprightly and whimsical eccentricity of a BOSWELL."

It appears that Lord Kames attended regularly, even to the last period of his life, at the meetings of the Philosophical Society, and took an active share in their proceedings. "But," says Lord W. "the period was now at hand which was to close this course of virtue and beneficence."

"In the beginning of the year 1782, when he had nearly completed his 86th year, he was seized with a disorder of the bowels, a complaint which, from its being attended with *no pain*, gave him for a considerable time very little apprehension. Perceiving, however, after some months, that, though perhaps retarded in its progress, the disease had not yielded to medicine or regimen, he began, towards the end of the summer, to regard it as likely to terminate fatally, and that even at no distant period. Meantime his family and friends, who saw him in possession of his usual cheerfulness and vivacity, and still applying with ardour to his accustomed pursuits, took no alarm, and the tender regard which he felt for Mrs. Drummond prevented him from imparting to her his own apprehensions."

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"A family event which took place at this time gave Lord Kames the most sincere satisfaction. This was the marriage of his only son Mr. DRUMMOND HOME to Miss JARDINE, daughter of an old and valued friend, the Reverend JOHN JARDINE, D. D. one of the ministers of Edinburgh.* It was the only circumstance wanting to his domestic felicity, and that of his excellent spouse. It had been long and earnestly wished for by both, and no connection that their son could have formed could have been more entirely approved, as they saw in that union all the talents and the virtues that a wife can insure to her husband.†

Lord W. then exhibits, in the last period of the life of Lord Kames, a most affecting struggle betwixt mental strength and corporal weakness: of the former he gives us a striking instance in a letter to Mrs. Montague,‡ and displays the latter in a most affecting speech of his lordship to his daughter-in-law before he proceeded on the autumn circuit. "It is very possible," said he, "that this journey may shorten my life, a little space—but what then? have I not lived long enough?"

This idea (for we will not do his memory the injustice to term it apprehension) was, on his accomplishment of its object, too fatally verified:

"At his return from the circuit," observes Lord W. "his strength decreased daily, and he was no longer able to take his accustomed walks over his grounds; but the serenity and cheerfulness of his temper remained unabated. He spent the greater part of the day in study, and in the evenings took much delight in conversing with his family, and in hearing his daughter-in-law read to him;"

Till, at length,

"Sensible of his rapid decline, his family now became extremely anxious for his removal to Edinburgh, in the faint hope that some benefit might arise from the excellent medical advice of which he would there have the advantage: and although he had not himself the smallest hope of that kind, he willingly acquiesced in the proposal from motives of a different nature. Besides gratifying the ardent wishes of Mrs. Drummond, as the winter season was now near at hand, he pleased himself with the thought that he

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* The Honourable ROBERT CULLEN, now one of the Judges of the Courts of Session and Justiciary.

* "A cadet of the family of Applegirth, in Dumfries-shire."

† "It was of the same young lady, whom her father-in-law had known from infancy, that he gave to a friend this high but merited character: 'That she never spoke when she ought to have preserved silence, and never was silent when she ought to have spoken.' I question whether so comprehensive an eulogy was ever made in so few words."

‡ Written a few weeks before his death.

might be able to continue to the last hour of his life in the exercise of his duty.

"For the following interesting particulars," continues the learned editor, "I am indebted to the information of his daughter-in-law, to whom alone they were known; and I am anxious to give them as nearly as I can in her own words.—A very few days before his departure from Blair-Drummond, in a short walk which he took with her in the garden, he desired her to sit down with him on one of the benches, saying that he felt himself much fatigued, and adding, that he was sensible he was now growing weaker every day. On her expressing a hope that, on going to town, his friend Dr. Cullen, who knew his constitution, would be able to give him some advice that might be of service to him, and that she flattered herself his disease had been rather less troublesome to him for some time past, "My dear child," said he, looking in her face with an earnest and animated expression, "don't talk of my disease: I have no disease but old age. I know that Mrs. Drummond and my son are of a different opinion; but why should I distress them sooner than is necessary. I know well that no physician in the world can do me the smallest service; for I feel that I am dying, and I thank God that my mind is prepared for that event. I leave this world in peace and good will to all mankind. You know the dread I have had of out-living my faculties: of that I trust there is now no great probability, as my body decays so fast. My life has been a long one, and prosperous, on the whole, beyond my deserts; but I would fain indulge a hope that I have not been useless to my fellow-creatures. My last wish regarded my son and you, my dear child, and I have lived to see it accomplished: I am now ready to obey my Maker's summons." He then poured forth a short but solemn and impressive prayer. On leaving the garden he said, "This is my last farewell to this place: I think I shall never see it more. I go to town chiefly to satisfy Mrs. Drummond; otherwise I could willingly have remained here. But go where I will, I am in the hands of Almighty God."

"He left Blair-Drummond in the beginning of November, and the Court of Session meeting soon after for the winter, he went thither the first day of the term, and took his seat with the rest of the judges. He continued for some time to attend the meetings of the court, and to take his share in the usual business, but soon became sensible that his strength was not equal to the effort. On the last day of his attendance, he took a separate and affectionate leave of each of his brethren. He survived that period only about eight days. He died on the 27th of December, 1782, in the 87th year of his age. A letter which he wrote to Lord Gardenstone, as a member of the Board of Trustees for Arts and Manufactures, and a personal application which he made within the same period to his friend Mr. Arbuthnot, the secretary of the same board, in behalf of a very deserving man who had fallen into indigence, bear testimony that his mind was occupied, even in its last moments, with matters of public concern and private beneficence."

Such was the conclusion of the useful and indefatigable life of that ornament of the Scottish bar and bench, and of the literature of his age and country, Lord Kames. His learned biographer then describes his person, which was in its construction tall and slender, his countenance animated and intelligent, and strongly marked by that benignity which was the prominent feature of his mind. The frontispiece to this work is said to convey a very strong resemblance both of the person and air, and of the countenance and expression of Lord K. in the latter years of his life, and is therefore a valuable memorial of the subject of these volumes. Lord W. in adverting to some further particulars of the character, manners, and opinions of his venerable friend, states that

"A strong feature of Lord Kames's disposition was an artless simplicity and ingenuity, which had led him at all times to express without reserve both his feelings and his opinions. But although this propensity gave an apparent bluntness of manner which frequently made an unfavourable impression upon strangers, yet it was momentary; as his frankness displayed at once the defect and the causes, and consequently laid open the integrity of his character.

"He had likewise a certain humorous playfulness, which, to those who knew him intimately, detracted nothing from the feeling of respect due to his eminent talents and virtues. To such it was the *discinctus habitus, et animi remissio* of a Scipio, the pleasing relaxation of a great mind from the intense severity of its usual employments."

Upon this Lord W. makes the same observation as in respect to the former instance, and continues, that this playfulness of manner might have arisen from the delight he always took in the company and conversation of young persons of either sex. A few of these, who were more particularly his favourites, mingled in all his domestic parties; his lady, it seems, whose ideas were in every thing assimilated to his own, enjoyed equally the society of her younger female friends.

"His manner of conversation," says Lord W. "was extremely animated, and he was ready to engage with interest in almost every topic that occurred, whether of ordinary life, literature, or science. Yet, although thus naturally communicative, he was not loquacious; nor was he ever apt, like some men of science, to harangue or lecture his audience. Conversation was with him a free interchange of sentiments; and he was equally pleased to draw forth and to listen to those of others, as to express his own. Though fond of an argument, he never betrayed the smallest heat of temper, but delivered his opinion with so much good humour and vivacity, as always to amuse and please, even where he failed to convince his antagonist."

His dislike to political topics we take to be a proof at once of his genius and good sense; for although the political writers of his day were, many of them, men of the greatest talents, such were his sentiments of mental, and, we may add, of moral, rectitude, that he reprobated even the *Letters of Junius*, which, allowing for the display of talents and for every ornament they possess of style and composition, he deemed "a flagrant transgression of decorum, and a disgusting picture of the rancour of party spirit;" in which opinion, extending it even to the political compositions of Swift and Bolingbroke, we fully coincide.

In the few pages that remain of this chapter, Lord W. discusses the love of fame, as it operated on the active and energetic mind of Lord Kames, and expanded into his numerous publications. He then defines his philosophy to be a rational stoicism, a definition with which we are not perfectly satisfied, because, as we cannot discern in the character of his lordship the smallest particle of *stoical pride*, we are induced to believe that his philosophy was founded upon a better principle.

The discussion of this point naturally leads to the conclusion, which, as it is unnecessary more fully to characterise a work upon which we have already so largely observed, and, from which we have so copiously extracted, we shall quote, as it appears to us a necessary and judicious *summing up* of the vast body of evidence that has been adduced to elucidate a life which may serve as an example of excellence in the subject, and of elegance in the biographer.

"On these worthy principles," says Lord W. "was formed the life of that eminent man of whom I have endeavoured to present a picture in these memoirs; and however faint and imperfect that delineation may be, as I am conscious of having to the utmost of my power endeavoured to give it the character of truth and fidelity, I am not without the pleasing hope, that, with these fair intentions, the utility of the purpose may plead an excuse for the errors and defects of its execution. A biographical account of a man of letters is necessarily in a great measure the history of his writings; but as a natural curiosity thence arises for every thing that personally regards an eminent character, a separate department is opened to the biographer in the details of his public and private life, his manners, his habits, and his occupations; nor are these without their use, for they realize and embody the image in the mind, and give form and features to that picture, which would otherwise be too vague and abstract to be distinctly figured by the imagination.—If to both of these sources of rational interest another should yet be added, and the labours and the life of an individual should be found to extend their influence in a most sensible degree to his age and country, the subject they present becomes altogether one of the most useful and engaging that is to be found in the varied fields of literature. But in proportion to its magnitude is the difficulty of treating such a subject; and how justly may he who has rashly ventured on such an arduous task dread the stern reproof,

Tecum habita, et noris quàm sit tibi curta supellex!"

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To this, as to the first volume, is subjoined a copious appendix.

No. I. of which consists of seven letters from the Reverend Dr. Josiah Tucker (Dean of Gloucester) to Lord Kames, on subjects chiefly relating to political economy.

No. II. Thirteen letters from Lord Kames's correspondence on certain subjects of physiology and natural history.

No. III. On certain critical remarks by Dr. Warburton and M. De Voltaire on some parts of Lord Kames's writings.

No. IV. Character of Lord Kames by Dr. Reid, in an extract from the dedication of his Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man.

No. V. Three letters from Mrs. Montague to Lord Kames.

No. VI. The prayer in the conclusion of Lord Kames's Essays on the Principles of Morality and Natural Religion.

No. VII. Letter from the Honourable Francis Garden, of Gardenstone, to

Lord KAMES, on the merits of the old English drama.

With some additional observations on the same subject; and

No. VIII. Two short letters from Lord KAMES to Mr. Creech his bookseller; which, as characteristic traits, properly conclude the volume.

An Antidote to the Miseries of Human Life, in the History of the Widow Placid and her Daughter Rachel.

The *blaze of straw* which was emitted by the first volume of the MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE, and which in the second became the steam of a *dunghill*, has turned to manure for *the press*, and of course produced many *weeds*, some of which we have observed are extremely *rank*, and others absolute *simples*; therefore, we have often wondered that any one who possessed the smallest portion of the seeds of genius, would plant them in such a *hot bed*. Yet as it is much easier to wonder at, than to account for these things, we shall only risk one observation upon the subject, which is, that we take them to proceed from the regard that the world has ever displayed for *titles*. Give a *volume* or a *man* a high sounding appellation, and we trouble ourselves but little, however *dull* the *contents* either of the one or the other may happen to be. But although this may serve to aid our conjecture with respect to the rise of the *miserable chaff* that has floated upon the surface of literature since the two *logs* to which we have alluded sailed down the stream, it certainly can only apply to those productions that have no merit but what is displayed in the titles, and that, alas! borrowed.

The small work that we are now briefly to contemplate is of a different complexion, and is properly stated to be an antidote to the miseries of human life, because the scope of it is not only to repress the anxiety arising from petty inconveniences and disappointments by the exercise of good sense and discretion, but to enable us to bear up against the most serious afflictions, by that firm reliance upon Providence emanating from a consciousness of having endeavoured to perform every religious and moral duty. The form in which the author has chosen to convey his instruction is that of a NOVEL, and the vehicle a stage coach: the dramatis personæ are the author, who describes himself as a gentleman, living at the distance of a day's journey from the metropolis, who comes to town twice a year to receive his dividends, &c. a country squire, a captain, a collegian, Mrs. Placid, a Quaker, and her daughter Rachel, and Miss Finikin, a modern fine lady. From the events of the day operating upon these characters much amusement is extracted, but mere amusement is not the design of the author. Mrs. Placid is the heroine of the piece; therefore, while some of the other characters give occasion to the introduction of sentiments repressive of the grovelling follies and frivolity of the times, she is at once an instance of the force of the higher class of evils, of the influence of the real misfortunes and afflictions of life, and an example of the power of Christianity to alleviate the greatest calamities.

This work is certainly written with a view to favour the profession of Quakerism, and to exalt the characters of FRIENDS; but to this we have no objection, because we have considered it on a much broader scale, and find that it abounds with good sense, keen observation and practical piety; therefore, in reading it, we only contemplate that, through the medium of the *sect*, the author meant to display to our view the character of the CHRISTIAN.

The Preceptor and his Pupils, or Dialogues, Examinations, and Exercises on Grammar in general, and the English Grammar in particular. For the Use of Schools and private Students. By George Crabb, Master of the Commercial and Literary Seminary. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 203.

It affords us very considerable pleasure, in this age, to find so many able writers among a class of society that was, in a former, rather distinguished for a knowledge of *words* than of *sentences*; and, although we have had, from the time of Sir Thomas Smith, men of the greatest abilities, who have turned their thoughts to the English language, and have formed what has been termed the *philosophy of English grammar*; yet their disquisitions were too abstruse to be generally useful. We have, therefore, always endeavoured, where the works would bear us out, to recommend those volumes dedicated to juvenile instruction, which emanated from professional men, because we are well convinced that the technical knowledge, which leads directly to an adaptation of lessons and exercises to the minds of pupils in

their several stages and gradations, is only to be acquired by a long acquaintance with the passions, propensities, and habits of youth.

Of this nature is the work before us, in which Mr. C. seems fully to have effected what he intended; which was, to establish in the minds of learners, a clear and positive distinction between *words* and *things*, keeping at the same time in view their necessary dependence on and connexion with each other.

Introduction au Lecteur Francois, ou Recueil de Pièces Choisies, avec l'Explication des Idiomes, et des Phrases difficiles qui s'y trouvent; par Lindley Murray, Auteur d'une Grammaire Angloise, &c. 12mo. pp. 240.

"The compiler of the 'Lecteur Francois' has been frequently solicited to publish a work, which might serve as an introduction to that performance, and be calculated for the use of persons who are beginning to learn the French language. He has, therefore, produced this little volume, which is composed of extracts from French writers of reputation, who are distinguished by the propriety and usefulness of their sentiments, the lively and interesting nature of the subjects on which they treat, and by the simplicity, correctness, and perspicuity of their style and composition."

Where we can with any degree of safety, we like to suffer authors to explain their own motives for publication, because they must certainly be better acquainted with them than we are. Those of Mr. Murray, which he has not exaggerated, seem to be as proper, as we take the volume that has emanated from them to be useful. The French, a language still more extensive than the present enormous domination of that people, has, unfortunately for the world, become the universal medium of communication; and consequently, the necessity of attaining it, as a qualification for business, &c. is commensurate; therefore, having frequently declared our predilection for books that *unbar* the gates of science, we need only add, that Mr. M. has in this volume also *swept* the threshold. He has divided his principal matters, which are well selected, into five chapters, which may be termed *steps*. The appendix, explanatory of the idiomatical and difficult expressions contained in this work, may with propriety, be called *the study*; and in short, the whole is well calculated to form an introduction to that academical erection for the attainment of the French language, for which the author has provided so many materials.

SIR BROOK WATSON, BART.

ON the 2d instant died, at East Sheen, Sir Brook Watson, Bart. an alderman of London, and deputy governor of the Bank of England.—He was born at Plymouth in the year 1735; left an orphan in 1741; lost a leg by a shark in 1749; served as an assistant commissary under Colonel Moncton, at the siege of Beausejour, in Nova Scotia, in 1755, and at the siege of Louisbourg, with the immortal Wolfe, in 1758. In 1750 he settled in London as a merchant, and the year following happily married Helen, the daughter of Colin Campbell, esq. of Edinburgh. He was among the first gentlemen who in 1779 formed the respectable corps of light horse volunteers, and with them when they were highly instrumental in suppressing the alarming riots in 1780. The following year he had the honour of presenting them with a standard from the King, in testimony of his Majesty's approbation of their meritorious services.—In 1782 he was called upon to fill the office of commissary general to the army serving in North America, under the command of his friend, the wise, brave, and upright general, Sir Guy Carleton, now Lord Dorchester. On his return from that service, he was rewarded with an annuity of 500l. granted by parliament to his wife. In January, 1784, he was sent to parliament a representative for the city of London, and on the dissolution in that year was re-elected; at the same period he was chosen a director of the Bank of England, and soon afterwards an alderman for Cordwainers ward. In 1786, he served the office of sheriff for London and Middlesex, and had the honour of being chairman to the committee of the House of Commons in 1788, during their debates on the regency bill. On the dissolution of parliament in 1790, he was again re-elected to represent the city of London; but voluntarily vacated

his seat in the year 1793, by accepting the Chiltern Hundreds, on being called upon to serve as commissary general to the army on the continent, serving under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York.—In 1796, he retired from the service, and was elected Lord Mayor, and had the duties of that high office to discharge during a period replete with unexampled difficulties, arising from the effervescence of party spirit, the mutiny in the fleet, and the restraint laid on specie-payments by the Bank of England, of which he continued to be a director. In March, 1798, he was commissioned commissary general of England; and in November, 1803, his Majesty was graciously pleased to express the royal approbation of his services, by creating him (gratuitously) a baronet of the united kingdom, with remainder to his nephews William and Brook Kay.

Having no surviving issue, he has devised his inherited estate (about three hundred pounds a year), after the death of his wife, to his sister, the widow of the late William Pitt, esq. and his slender acquired property, after paying a few inconsiderable legacies to relations, friends and servants, to be placed in the public funds, the interest to be paid to Lady Watson during her life, the principal, at her death, to his own and her named relations, in equal proportions.

He was through life, to his king and country, a constitutional loyal subject, a diligent, zealous, and faithful servant, a firm, upright, and merciful magistrate; to his wife, a most affectionate and tender husband; to his relations, a kind and substantial friend. In his friendship, constant; in faith, a firm Christian; in deeds, a benevolent honest man.

BRIEF SKETCH OF THE CHARACTER OF THE LATE MARQUIS TOWNSHEND.

A BOLD spirit, and an active body, prompted Marquis Townshend in his early years, to take to the profession of arms: he served in the Low Countries of Germany, in Portugal, and in America, in all of them with distinction: in the latter part of the action upon the Heights of Abraham, after the gallant Wolfe had fallen, he commanded in chief, and signed the capitulation of Quebec with the French general. At home, he was no less distinguished as a member of parliament and a statesman, than abroad as a soldier. His brother, who died chancellor of the exchequer at an early age, was more eloquent; but Lord Townshend spoke often, and was always heard with particular attention. He was lord lieutenant of Ireland for five years, and succeeded in overturning, after a sharp struggle, the old vicious system of governing that kingdom by a set of leading men, then called *undertakers*: England applauded his success, and Ireland has, for more than thirty years, celebrated his birth-day. Lord Townshend was, as his ancestors were, a whig—that is, a firm friend to those principles which were established at the revolution. In parliament he acted an independent part; and though himself an officer in the standing army, he had, by his perseverance a principal share in carrying a bill for the establishment of a constitutional militia. He sometimes voted against the king's ministers, but oftener with them. To the king himself he had a zealous and unalterable attachment. To his wisdom and firmness, Lord Townshend was persuaded his subjects owe their having been preserved from the alternate contagion of anarchy and despotism, which threatened us from a neighbouring nation.

In private, as in public life, Lord Townshend was a man of the strictest honour; he had a sound strong understanding, with a vein of humour peculiar to himself. His manners were frank and open, such as became a gentleman and a soldier; and in the various situations of his life, his benevolence and his humanity were as conspicuous as his firmness and his courage. He had a strong attachment to the county of Norfolk, which had honoured him with several unanimous elections, and whenever he was master of his time, he passed the greatest part of it there.

September. NORFOLCIENSIS.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

SEPTEMBER 28.

A MISS BAMFIELD made her *debût* at Covent Garden theatre, in the character of *Rosina*. Her voice is pleasing, but seems to want strength and compass for a London theatre. She executed her songs with some taste, and was well received; but we have not heard of her since.

29. At Drury Lane, the part of *Alonzo*, in *Pizarro*, was undertaken by a Mr. PUTNAM, from the Dublin theatre. His voice is powerful, his action moderate and appropriate, and he seems not to want feeling. In the scene with *Pizarro*, in the third act, he was very successful, and obtained much applause.

Oct. 6. Mrs. WHITLOCKE, a sister of Mrs. Siddons, and who has been about twenty years the heroine of the American stage, made her *debût* at Drury Lane, as *Elwina*, in Miss Hannah More's Tragedy of *Percy*. We are sorry that we cannot speak either of this lady's figure, or her style of acting, in such terms as we could wish. But, as we are told by some, that she was ill-dressed; and, as we think the part of a young bride not the best suited to her time of life and matronly appearance; we will do Mrs. W. the justice to forbear giving an opinion of her qualifications as an actress, till we shall see her in some other character. We certainly consider the play as not having been well chosen to show her to advantage.—We should not, however, pass unnoticed the energetic performances of Mr. H. Siddons, Mr. Elliston, and Mr. Eyre, in the several parts of Douglas, Percy, and Lord Raby.

9. Mr. RICHARD JONES, from the Dublin theatre, made his first appearance on London boards at Covent Garden, as *Goldfinch*, in *The Road to Ruin*, and met with great applause. He afterwards acted *Frederic*, in *Of Age To-morrow*. He has not, it is true, all the vivacity and variety that we see in the performance of Mr. Lewis; but there seems an originality in his acting that shews he possesses very considerable talents for the stage.—Miss *Norton*, whose appearance in *Imogen* we noticed in p. 209, played *Sophia*, in the comedy, and distinguished herself very much.

10. Miss LYON, a pupil of Corri's, and daughter of a bassoon-player in Drury-lane orchestra, made her first appearance at that theatre, as *Rosetta*, in *Love in a Village*. Her face and figure are agreeable; her voice is a fine *alto-soprano*, managed with moderation, yet displayed with much taste. There is no superfluous or affected ornament in her singing, and her enunciation is remarkably distinct. We consider her as a great acquisition to the operatic corps.

Mr. SMITH, from Sadler's Wells, made his first appearance the same evening, as *Hodge*; but a more coarse overcharged piece of acting we never witnessed in a London theatre royal. We must do this gentleman the justice, however, to say, that, according to report, he has in two or three later performances of the character considerably softened his colouring.

14. *The School for Prejudice*, at Covent Garden, introduced a Miss STUBBS, in the part of *Fanny Liberal*, formerly acted by Mrs. Mills. There was little in the performance, however, either to praise or blame.

20. Mrs. DICKONS (formerly Miss Poole) made her entrée at Covent Garden, as *Mandane* in *Artaxerxes*, and was very flatteringly received.

The following address was *intended* to have been spoken on the re-appearance of Mrs. DICKONS:—

With *shake* quite *natural*, that's very certain,
Mandane trembles *now* behind the curtain.
No novice to these boards to-night appears;
Yet, tho' no novice, she has still her fears.
As "fair Ophelia," when before your view,
One charm, at least, existed—she was new.
Ah, what avails the pomp of Xerxes' train,
If in *this* Court, MANDANE sue in vain:
If *here* the Princess should be guilty found,
Ophelia's merits are but empty sound:
Our songstress then might well lament her folly,
And be "most musical, most melancholy."

From British Jurors she has nought to fear,
You ne'er condemn until you fairly hear;—
And should you smile! what transports may she boast,
When firmly landed on this dangerous coast:
For if the notes of DICKONS yield you pleasure,
She's *sure* of plaudits in the old POOLE measure.

New Inn, Oct. 1807. W. D.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR, *Westminster, 8th Oct.* 1807.

ON contemplating your *Theatrical Journal* for the last month, which is a part of your Magazine that I *generally* read with equal avidity and satisfaction, I was much concerned to observe that you have thrown our *veteran performers* into the *back ground*, in order to give some *brilliant touches* of *light* to the professional character of a gentleman, with whom we were totally unacquainted until the commencement of the summer season at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket.

Without endeavouring in the smallest degree to detract from the *real* abilities of Mr. Young, I have only to observe, that

"Praise undeserv'd is censure in extreme."

Therefore, except he had gone through the whole range of dramatic characters, and blazed like the *new comet* in every one of them, which you know as well as I do is not the case, to set him on the same form, and indeed, *by inference*, to give him the preference of actors who have had far greater experience, is certainly diminishing the talents of the latter in the eyes of the public, without being of any real service to the former. What people have known long, it is supposed by Dr. Johnson, they have fully considered; and if esteem follows consideration, we may reasonably believe it to be grounded upon extraordinary merit.

The best actors that we have ever had (with the exception of Garrick, and he, like Shakspeare, seemed inspired) have risen by slow degrees. Of this, taking a view of the English stage, from the days of BURBAGE, ALLEN, and TARLETON, to the present time, I could, were it necessary, give you a hundred instances, but they are too generally known for you to derive any information from my repetition of them.

However, from those, a reflection will naturally arise, *i. e.* that the town was *formerly* tardy in bestowing its favour upon candidates for theatrical applause; and it was not till *after* a man had been tried in a variety of characters, that he was deemed a complete actor.

The characters in which the gentleman alluded to has yet been seen are few, and I much doubt, contracted as his dramatic sphere has been, whether he has been equally successful in all.

The part of HAMLET, I am ready to allow, is one that requires the strongest natural powers, and the greatest acquired accomplishments of any in the dramatic list: but, before we bestow upon him unequivocal praise for his performance, even of this, we ought to consider

"If he has had no *foils* to set him off;"

and when we have determined this point, we may further contemplate, whether, situated *as he was*, the merely playing Hamlet should at once lift him *above* his more experienced compatriots (for so far your implication goes), set him at once at the head of his profession, and render him in your estimation "the EIGHTH wonder of the world."

I am, Sir,
Your very obedient
humble servant,
MACKLIN.

*** The writer of the *Theatrical Journal* meant not to give offence to any individual, by ranking Mr. YOUNG as "*one* among the best actors on the English stage," or, by expressing a "hope, ere long, to see him on the boards of a winter theatre." (See p. 209.) It was a mere matter of opinion. He has no partiality to indulge in respect of Mr. Young, to whom he never spoke in his life, nor ever saw him but on the Haymarket stage. He finds, however, that, Mr. Y. has, for nine or ten years past, been the principal tragedian of the Liverpool theatre; and therefore, he cannot be considered altogether as a novice in his profession.

POETRY.

THE MOSS ROSE.

To the Editor of the European Magazine.

SIR,

AN old and excellent friend of mine, who is suffering under that painful and melancholy disease denominated the *angina pectoris*, but who is blessed with fortitude and resignation, as well as an elegant taste for poetry, amused himself, and beguiled his anguish, some time since with the following *galanterie*; and, though at the advanced period of 70 years of age, I think the classic fervor of youth is amply exhibited.

Having observed, from the window of his chamber, at the watering-place where he was remaining, that a beautiful young lady very often approached his *sejour*, my friend having gathered a fine moss rose, sent it to the fair one with his compliments, and shortly after had the satisfaction of seeing it blooming on her bosom, but at the same moment experienced one of those frightful spasms characteristic of his complaint; upon which he composed the following address to the rose, and sent it with another from the same bush:—

TO CHLORIS.

Go, Rose, e'er winter's piercing blights
  Attaint your fine vermilion glow,
To her in whom my soul delights:
  Sweet Rose, in all your fragrance, go!
And to the blooming maid impart,
  While her fair bosom you adorn,
How in my fond and faithful heart
  You left, sweet playful Rose, your *thorn*.

However having received no answer, my friend imagined that the rose required to be *classically* addressed, according to all the ancient rules of poetic galantry, and forthwith despatched the following distich:—

Ah! Rosa, flos florum, Chloridis dum pectus adornas,
Cur lacerat jecur, et cor, tua spina meum?

In reply to which the rose is supposed to have addressed my friend in these exculpatory verses:—

Nec mea spina tuum lacerat cor, vel jecur urit;
  Nam Rosa sum simplex! urit at, ipsa Chloris.
Non eget hæc spinis; proprias tenet ecce Sagittas,
  Et cunctas, certâ dirigit usque manu.
Pectoris Anginam quis jam non sentit acutam?
  Exhibeas quoties, vulnera, risit amor.

After reading the above verses, the first reflection which naturally suggests itself is to think how fortunate in temper and mental acquirements (and built too upon the foundation of pure religion and orthodox faith) is this venerable old clergyman, the author of them! who, while labouring under one of the most formidable diseases which human nature can be subject to, can so delightfully aleviate his agony, and turn his talents to so valuable an account,

POSTHUMUS.

OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE EVENING STAR, VERSIFIED.

HAIL, lonely beam! star of descending night!
Fair gleams, in western skies, thy paly light.
As, from thy cloud that shades the mountain's brow,
Thou shin'st superior on the plains below.
As through the regions of the sullen air,
Thou stalk'st serenely bright, what see'st thou there?
The storm no longer whistles o'er the heath;
No more the ghost resounds the shrieks of death;
By the grey stream is sunk his gleaming shade,
Where lightnings flash'd, and the red meteors play'd.
O'er the steep cliff the tumbling torrents roar,
Their murm'ring waters echoing from the shore.
The evening insect leaves is oozy cave,
And hums its light wing o'er the trembling wave.
But thou, sweet light, dissolv'st in clouds away,
And bath'st in ocean's realm thy cheerful ray.
Farewell then! go, illume the darken'd skies,
And let the light of Ossian's soul arise.

J. H. WIFFEN.

MORE MODERN SONNETS.

BY JACOB QUIRK, MODERN SONNETTEER.

A WINTER PIECE.

Being a specimen of the "Sublime and Beautiful."

WHEN dark December o'er the cheerless vale
  Hath scatter'd wide and deep his wint'ry snows;
When pityless the mountain tempest blows,
And heavily descends the *pelting* hail
On the *poor houseless* trav'ler wandring far
  O'er the wide common, where the *gibbet swings*
"Hoarse creaking" in the wind—while not a star
  Across his dubious way its radiance flings:
I *love* to sit me in my *elbow-chair*,
  Beside the hearth where crackling faggots blaze;
While on my wife's contented mien I gaze,
Encircled with our rosy children fair,
Who, heedless of the storm that whistles by,
Fill their extended mouths with *hot mince pie*.

Grub-street.

THE MAN OF FEELING.

Exhibiting an exquisite specimen of modern pathos.

Ah! whither, *stranger*, dost thou journey on,
With hurried step and wild exploring eye,
Thy wither'd cheek so pale and woe-begone,
Thy bosom struggling with the *deep-felt* sigh.
Ah! tell me, *stranger*, whither would'st thou stray;
'Tis piercing cold, and chilly blows the blast,
The sky with murky clouds is overcast,
Portending, *wand'rer*, an unwelcome day,
Say, *stranger*, is thy soul oppress'd with care,
Is thy *last, only, drop* of comfort gone;
What means that doleful groan, that vacant stare?
Ah! say what ails thee, solitary one.
He heard—and thus, with voice half-stifled, spake,
"Inquiring friend, 'tis 'tis the *Belly-ache!!!*"
Grub-street.

POETICAL SKETCH.

Written during two days walk in Wales, for the purpose of paying a visit to a brother.

By T. Enort.

NOW ceas'd night's tempest, terrible and wild, (1)
Fair morn unbarr'd her roseate gate and smil'd,
Soft blew the zephyr with his fanning wing,
And wak'd the blushes of the young-ey'd spring.
Sweet thrill'd the blackbird from the May-thorn bush;
All nature wore her loveliest vernal flush;
Whilst clouds, gay gathering round the gold pav'd sun,
The blue fac'd heavens with rich embroidery hung;
When rising quickly, with the orb of day,
Through Cambria's wood-crown'd vales I took my way,
Mixt with rough mountains, where Hygeia roves,
And health's fresh dew-drops bathe the new fledg'd groves;
Neat Aberystwith (2) then, with farewell view,
I bade thy social haunts, dear town, adieu;
And, winding Douay's (3) past'ral banks, pace on,
Aw'd by the shape of rude Plinliminon, (4)
Half hid in clouds, his proud head towering high,
Whence takes its source the silvery winding Wye:
Here lingering oft, with slow unmindful feet,
The clover scented breeze I tasted sweet:
Till further on I pass'd, where, mean and low,
Lies Dinas (5) mid his hills o'ertopp'd with snow.
At length I lodge, as evening's light declines,
Where Bala's (6) lake a beauteous mirror shines.

DAY THE SECOND.

Once more the heavens' clear borders shine with grey,
And trembling phosphor shoots a dewy ray.
In Phoebus' car is seen Aurora bright,
Sprinkling th' increasing dawn with pearls of light;
When, venturing bold on Arran Vawi's (7) height,
My feet once more pursue their anxious flight.
Fancy anticipates the course I bend,
Whilst Hope delighted whispers soon t'will end.
She flies beyond thy dark brow'd hills Llanrost, (8)
Where happiness' calm joys are center'd most,
Not far from Abergele's smooth sandy beach,
Where friendship's threshold warm I soon shall reach.
Already now, on Cave Hill's (9) wizard spot,
Bursts to my view the woodbine cover'd cot; (10)
A grass green plat the mansion stands before,
With modest pinks and daisies dotted o'er;
There lifting quick the unguarded opening latch,
Soft kindred looks of welcome I shall catch;
There from a brother each choice kindness prove,
Whose dwelling Hymen sanctifies with love.

NOTES TO THE POEM.

(1) It was a particular tempestuous night previous to my setting out upon this short excursion.

(2) This town, which is denominated the Brighton of Wales, is situate upon the borders of Cardigan Bay, at a distance of 204 miles from the metropolis. It has been resorted to greatly for many years back for the salubrious recreation of sea-bathing. Its principal company consists of families from Ireland, with those of the surrounding principality; and the charges at the hotels and lodging houses, when placed in comparison with those of our more contiguous places of aquatic resort, are uncommonly moderate and good. Within these few seasons back, the sister town of Tenby, in Pembrokeshire, seems to have increased a good deal at the expence of Aberystwith, possessing equal salubrity of air. It has more than one advantage over the latter place: the town is far more agreeably situated, and the adjacent country may claim the meed beyond any other portion of Wales for the cultivated and pleasing beauty of its environs; whereas the immediate vicinity of Aberystwith possesses none of those prepossessing claims to admiration, which so principally in this country form the magnet of attraction to all visitors and votaries of pleasure.

(3) This river, whose murmurs are delightful to poetic ears, takes its rise near Llangower, in the neighbourhood of Bala in Merionethshire, shapes its course by the two towns of Dinas Mouthy and Machynleth,

and, about ten miles distance from the latter place, empties itself at the mouth of Cardigan Bay, bordering upon St. George's Channel.

(4) This mountain, celebrated by Gray in his "Bard," under the title of "huge Plinlimmon," is remarkable for being the fruitful parent of not only the serpentine meandering Wye, but also of the second majestic river which Great Britain has to boast of, the Severn, which, after quitting Wales near Welchpool, carries its noble body of waters through the entire extensive county of Salop, dividing the same into two almost equally sized portions, and entering Worcestershire near the pleasant town of Bewdley, passes through the city and county; and, previous to its making its entrance into Gloucestershire, forms a junction a little above Tewkesbury with another considerable stream, the pleasant Shakspeare-inspired river Avon; then passing through the latter county with an amazingly enlarged extent, it at length, after embracing the river Wye, which falls into it's bulk beyond Chepstow, meets its dissolution by mixing beyond the new passage its fresh pellucid waters with the salt waves of the British channel.

(5) The ancient and almost delapidated town of Dinas Mouthy is situated in a region of wild mountains, in the neighbourhood of which the giant Caer Idris stands conspicuous above the rest. It is in the midst of these nearly inaccessible piles of earth that the breed of Welch goats is maintained, although these four-footed mountaineers are not near so numerous as travellers, in their plenitude of description, have represented them to be.

(6) The second best town in North Wales, situate in the centre of that portion of the principality, and famous for its most beautiful lake, abounding with great quantities of fish, particularly trout.

(7) An extremely high hill, situate on the cross country road from Bala towards Bethkelert in Caernarvonshire, which part of the country is almost, I may say, as wild as Switzerland.

(8) A tolerable good town in Denbighshire, situate among numerous dreary moors and mountains.

(9) This place, which is almost entirely unknown, except by the rude inhabitants of its neighbourhood, is situate about the distance of a mile and a half from Abergele, and derives its name from the immense caverns belonging to it, which are said to be of unfathomable extent, and which do not fail to strike terror into the pigmy visitant who looks down into them. It overlooks closely the expanded bosom of the ocean, and commands one of the most various and delightful prospects of our English appennines. To the eastward you have an uninterrupted view of St. Asaph's, the beautiful Vale of Clywd, and the Flintshire mountains; along the coast, the eye catches a view of great part of the adjoining counties of Cheshire and Lancashire, together with the noble commercial town of Liverpool: sweeping the horizon, you obtain a distant view of the Isle of Man, and, in a more westerly direction, that of the Isle of Anglesea; the circle then grandly closes with the tremendous iron-bound mountains of Caernarvonshire. The faculty of second sight, which that late active character John Wilkes attributed, in his "North Briton," to the Scotch, may be equally justly applied to the honest unsophisticated sons of Cadwallader in this district, whose credulity is so strongly tinctured with superstitious faith, as to implicitly believe in these caverns being haunted; and two of their dreadful entrances were shewn to me by an old woman, who, with a countenance full of gravity, assured me, that the passage of one led directly under London bridge, and the other to Chester.

(10) The residence of Lieut. Benjamin Smith, of the royal navy, on Cave Hill, who commands a signal post station there, for the purpose of guarding the coast from the attempts of any enemy.

T. ENORT.

TO SENSIBILITY.

CELESTIAL spring to nature's favourites given,
Fed by the dews that bathe the flow'rs of heaven,
From the pure crystal of thy fountain flow
The tears that trickle o'er another's woe,
The silent drop that calms our own distress,
The gust of rapture at a friend's success:
Thine the soft show'rs down beauty's breast that steal
To soothe the heart-wounds they can never heal:
Thine too the tears of ecstacy that roll,
When Genius whispers to the list'ning soul;
And thine the hallow'd flood that drowns the eye
When pure religion lifts the thoughts on high.

London, Oct. 2, 1807. W. F. R. G.

THE EXILE, A SONNET.

NEAR yon old tow'r, long tott'ring in decay,
Where prostrate columns plough the mouldy steep,
Shaded by ivy from the scorching ray,
The melancholy Exile sits—to weep;
Who, as the screaming sea-bird o'er him flies,
Wheeling its way to Gallia's distant shore,
Low mutt'ring, views its flight, with hollow eyes,
To happy scenes, ne'er doom'd to visit more.
Poor wanderer! thy sorrows soon shall cease,
From future ills death thee alone can save,
Soon shall thy wounded spirit sink in peace,
Hush'd in the quiet slumber of the grave.
For ruin'd hopes on earth no cure is giv'n:
The soul, impatient, seeks repose in heav'n.

St. George's-place, Walworth-road. G. H. T.

INTELLIGENCE FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY OF WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 16.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 17.

DOWNING-STREET, SEPT. 16.

DESPATCHES, of which the following are copies and extracts, were received this morning from Admiral Gambier and Lieutenant-General Lord Cathcart, addressed to Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state.

[Our limits oblige us to curtail some of the less important details. The first despatch, dated September 1, relates to orders issued by Admiral Gambier to Commodore Keats, to prevent any reinforcements being sent to the Danes, from the French army at Stralsund.]

[Second despatch—From Admiral Gambier, of the 2d of September, inclosing a copy of the summons he sent to the governor of Copenhagen. The following are the principal articles:]

If you will consent to deliver up the Danish fleet, and to our carrying it away, it shall be held in deposit for his Danish Majesty, and shall be restored, with all its equipments, in as good state as it is received, as soon as the provisions of a general peace shall remove the necessity which has occasioned this demand.

The property of all sorts which has been captured since the commencement of hostilities, will be restored to its owners, and the union between the united kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland, and Denmark, may be renewed.

But if this offer is rejected now, it cannot be repeated. The captured property, public and private, must then belong to the captors; and the city, when taken, must share the fate of conquered places.

[Governor Peyman refused to surrender, and his letter is given in the Gazette. The summons was repeated, signed by Admiral Gambier and Lord Cathcart.]

Journal of the Army under Lord Cathcart, from the 22d of August to the 1st of September, together with a List of all Casualties.

Head Quarters, Copenhagen, Sept. 1.

August 22.—General M'Farlane's division having been landed the preceding evening, joined the army, and encamped in rear of head-quarters. Lieutenant-General the Earl of Roslyn's division marched from the place of debarkation to Dambuis and adjacents. Arrangement and distribution settled for forming the park, and progress of providing for mortar-batteries.

23d.—The Earl of Roslyn's corps joined the army, and took its position in second line, covering the centre.

The advanced squadron of gun-brigs and bomb-vessels having taken a position near the entrance of the harbour, within the Crown Battery, were attacked at ten in the morning by all the enemy's gun-boats and praams, supported by the fire of the Crown Battery, block-ship, and some of the works; having maintained this position for several hours, they at length retired, some of them having been more than once on fire by red-hot shot. The batteries near the mill having acted with effect upon the gun-boats, the latter turned their fire upon them, but were obliged to retire with considerable loss.

24th.—At three in the morning the army was under arms; the centre advanced its position to the height near the road which runs in a direction parallel to the defences of Copenhagen, to Friedricksberg, occupying that road and some posts beyond it. The guards at the same time occupied the suburbs between Friedricksberg and Copenhagen, flanked by a detachment of the 79th. They dislodged a piquet of the enemy, who, in their retreat, concealed thirteen three-pounders, which have since been found.

All the piquets of the enemy fell back to the lakes or inundations in front of the place; our piquets occupying their ground. In the afternoon the garrison shewed itself on all the avenues leading from the town, apparently with a design either to recover their ground, or to burn the suburbs. The several generals immediately drove them in, each in his own front, and at the same time seized all the suburbs on the north bank of the lakes, some of which posts are within 400 yards of the ramparts.

Sir D. Baird's division turned, and carried a redoubt which the enemy had been some days constructing, and which was that night converted into a work against him.

The enemy set fire to the end of the suburb nearest to the place, the upper part of which was occupied by the guards, and was now defended by them. In consequence of this general success, the works which had been intended and begun by us were abandoned, and a new line was taken, within about 800 yards of the place, and nearer to it on the flanks.

25th.—The mortar-batteries in the advanced line made considerable progress. A heavy fire was kept up by the garrison on the suburbs and buildings near the lake, which were strengthened as much as circumstances would allow. The navy and artillery employed in landing ordnance and stores, and forwarding them to different parts of the line.

Lieutenant General the Earl of Roslyn's corps, which had a considerable share in occupying the suburbs, relieved the reserve, which moved into the second line.

The enemy's gun-boats made their appearance in the channel between Omache and Zealand, and cannonaded the guards in the suburbs. Progress made in preparing a battery to protect the right from the gun-boats. Frequent skirmishes with sharp-shooters on the right and centre, and several shells thrown from the lines.

26th.—Sir Arthur Wellesley, with the reserve, eight squadrons of cavalry and the horse artillery, under Major-General Linsengen, the 6th battalion of the line, king's German legion, and the light brigade of artillery belonging to the reserve, marched to Roskeld Kroe. The gun-boats made an attack on the left of our position, and were twice driven in by the Windmill batteries, one boat having blown up, and several others having suffered considerably. The guards severely cannonaded by the gun-boats; the enemy likewise attempted a sortie, but was quickly driven back.

27th.—At day-break the battery of four twenty-four pounders opened on the right, and drove in the gun-boats, one of which was much damaged. Sir Arthur Wellesley marched in two divisions to attack the enemy in front and rear at Koenerup, but he had moved up towards Kioge; upon which Sir Arthur took a position to cover the besieging army. General Peyman applied for an armistice of thirty-six hours to remove the patients from St. John's Hospital. Four hours was proposed to him; which offer he did not accept, and several shots were fired through the said hospital.

28th.—Progress made in landing and bringing forward ordnance and stores, as well as in making batteries and communications.

29th.—Sir Arthur Wellesley marched to Kioge, where he completely defeated and dispersed the enemy, taking upwards of sixty officers and 1500 men, fourteen pieces of cannon, and a quantity of powder and other stores. The patients of St. John's Hospital were removed to the chapel at Friedricksberg, and adjacent houses; the Danish general thankfully acceding to this removal, and declared that it was not fired upon by his order, or with his knowledge.

30th.—Batteries nearly finished, platforms laid, and two-thirds of the ordnance mounted. New battery planned and begun, near the Chalk Mill Wharf.

31st.—The enemy attempted a sortie on the right, before sunrise, and were stopped by a piquet of the 50th regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Light. They persevered for some time, and were repulsed by the piquets with loss. Sir David Baird twice slightly wounded, but did not quit the field.

The Danish general Oxholm arrived with his officers at head-quarters, when they were put on parole, and sent to their respective homes.

In the evening 1500 prisoners were distributed in the fleet.

The batteries in progress; all armed and completed, except the Chalk Kiln battery, which is close to the enemy.

The gun-boats attacked the in-shore squadron of light vessels; blew up one of them, and obliged them to retire; the gun-boats, as well as the block-ship, having apparently suffered considerable damage from the batteries at the Windmill.

September 1.—The mortar-batteries being nearly ready for action, the place was summoned. The answer arriving late, accompanied by a desire, on his part, to take the pleasure of his Danish Majesty, the reply could not be sent till the following day. During all these days the enemy has fired from the walls and outworks with cannon and musketry upon the advanced posts, and has thrown many shells on all parts of the line, but has had no success, except in setting fire to some houses, and cutting some trees on his own side of the lakes.

(Signed) CATHCART.

Head Quarters, before Copenhagen, Sept. 2.

MY LORD,

I have the honour to transmit herewith the report of the expedition undertaken by Brigadier-General Von der Decken; in the course of which he made a great number of troops capitulate, and also took possession of the foundry and powder-mills at Friedrickswerk. Amongst the enclosures is the capitulation, which has been ratified; and the commanding general in Copenhagen has actually permitted the artillery-men included in the capitulation, but who were serving in the place, to come out of the town as prisoners on capitulation.

The talents, zeal, and activity of the brigadier-general have rendered him extremely useful on every occasion which has occurred to employ him.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) CATHCART.

To Lord Visc. Castlereagh.

Jagerberg, August 19, 1807.

MY LORD,

After I had the honour to state to your lordship yesterday the capture of six waggons loaded with powder, and also of a considerable quantity of arms at Freidrickstadt, which I have sent to Major-General Linsengen, I learned that a convoy of 180 waggons, loaded with gunpowder, and escorted by upwards of 500 men, was on its way to Friedrickstadt, after having in vain attempted to enter Copenhagen by way of Roeskilde. I resolved to attempt to cut it off from Friedrickswerk, and proceeded for that purpose to Krigume. I was informed here that the said convoy had passed there two hours before, that the escort was very much fatigued, and had begun to desert. I was told that Friedrickswerk was a very strong position, defended by a corps called the volunteers of that place, raised by the Crown Prince himself for the protection of the

powder-mills and arsenal there. Although the horses of my detachment (which was composed of 100 light dragoons of the 1st line, including eighteen dragoons of the 3d) were very fatigued, yet I thought it advisable to attempt to take the place by surprise. I approached Friedrickswerk at one o'clock of the morning. Captain Kraukenberg, of the 1st light dragoons, succeeded in surprising an advanced piquet of nine men. In arriving near the entrance, where we expected to find a battery, we met an officer, who informed me that the commanding officer was willing to capitulate, if I would grant him honourable terms. After some conversation with Major Tschering, aide-de-camp to the prince, and governor of that place, he agreed to surrender with his corps, 360 strong, including officers, under the condition that he and his whole corps should not serve during the war, or until an exchange had taken place.

I found a great quantity of powder (about 1,600 centners), a number of guns and small arms. As I had no means to carry off the powder, and even no time to destroy it, I was obliged to be satisfied with the promise of the major, and all the officers, upon honour, that neither powder nor stores should be issued to the Danes. As there was no means of getting waggons, I was obliged to be satisfied with carrying off the four guns, and half the arms of the corps which had surrendered, and which I have delivered to Major-General Linsengen.

I left Friedrickswerk this morning at five o'clock, and found myself soon after attacked almost in all the villages by peasants armed with forks, delivered for that purpose by the Danish government, the greater part on foot, but some on horseback. The dragoons took about fifty of these peasants, and five horses, without any loss on our side. On receiving information that all the roads in the woods before and behind Friedrickswerk were full of peasants (some of which were armed with rifles), I changed my road by marching to the left, where the ground is open, and I discharged the peasants, after explaining to them the object of our being in this country.

I cannot conclude this long report without certifying to your lordship my great satisfaction with the conduct of the officers and men which I have had the honour to command on this occasion, and to recommend to your lordship's notice Captain Kraukenberg, of the 1st light dragoons.

I have the honour to be, &c.

FRIED. VON DECKEN, Brig. Gen.

Right Hon. Lord Cathcart.

[The above is followed by a despatch from Lord Cathcart, enclosing the following from Sir Arthur Wellesley.]

MY LORD, *Kioge, August* 29.

According to the intention which I announced to your lordship on the evening of the 27th, I moved to Roeskild Kroe, and placed Colonel Reden at Vallensbrek, and General Linsengen marched yesterday morning to Roskild: by these different movements, his force became the right instead of the left.

Having had reason to believe that the enemy still remained at Kioge, I determined to attack him this day. I settled with General Linsengen, that he should cross the Kioge rivulet at Litte Sellvas, and turn the enemy's left flank, while I should move along the sea-road towards Kioge, and attack him in front.

Both divisions broke up this morning, and marched according to the plan concerted. Upon my approach to Kioge, I found the enemy in force on the north side of the town and rivulet, and they commenced a cannonade upon the patroles of hussars in my front; they had three or four regular battalions formed in one line, with cavalry on both flanks, and apparently a large body beyond the town and rivulet. At the time agreed upon with General Linsengen, I formed my infantry in one line, with the left to the sea, having the two squadrons of hussars upon the right. There had been some appearance of a movement by the enemy to their left; and I had not had any communication with General Linsengen, and was not certain that he had passed the rivulet. I therefore thought it proper to make the attack in an echallon of battalions from the left; the whole covered by the 1st battalion 95th regiment, and by the fire of our artillery.

It fell to the lot of the 92d regiment to lead this attack, and they performed their part in the most exemplary manner, and were equally well supported by the 52d and 43d.

The enemy soon retired to an entrenchment which they had formed in front of a camp on the north side of Kioge, and they made a disposition of their cavalry upon the sands to charge the 92d in flank, while they should attack this entrenchment. This disposition obliged me to move Colonel Reden's hussars from the right to the left flank, and to throw the 43d into a second line; and then the 93d carried the entrenchment, and forced the enemy to retreat into the town in disorder. They were followed immediately, in the most gallant style, by Colonel Reden and his hussars, and by the 1st battalion of the 95th regiment, and afterwards by the whole of the infantry of my corps. Upon crossing the rivulet, we found General Linsengen's corps upon our right flank, and the whole joined in the pursuit of the enemy.

Major-General Ozholen, the second in command, who had joined the army with four battalions last night from the southern island, attempted to stand in the village of Hersolge, but he was attacked briskly by the hussars, with detachments of which were

Captain Blaquiere and Captain Cotton of the Staff, and by a small detachment of the 1st of the 95th; and he was compelled to surrender with Count Wedel Jarlsburg, several other officers, and 400 men.

The loss of the enemy has been very great, many have fallen, and there are nearly 60 officers and 1,100 men prisoners. In their flight they have thrown away their arms and clothing, and many stands of the former have fallen into our hands. I believe that we have taken ten pieces of cannon; but I have not yet received all the reports from the detachments employed in the pursuit of the enemy. I have not seen General Linsengen, as he is still out with his hussars; but I understand that the enemy had destroyed the bridges at Little Salbye, which was the cause of the delay of his operations upon their flank.

I cannot close this letter without expressing to your lordship my sense of the good conduct of the troops; all conducted themselves with the utmost steadiness. But I cannot avoid to mention particularly the 92d regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Napier; the 1st battalion 95th regiment, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Beckwith; the British artillery, under the command of Captain Newhouse; the Hanoverian hussars, under Colonel Reden; and the Hanoverian light artillery, under Captain Sympter; as corps that had particular opportunities of distinguishing themselves. I am also much obliged to General Linsengen, and to Brigadier-General Stewart, for the assistance I received from them in the formation and execution of the plan by which the enemy have been defeated. The officers of the staff have also rendered me much assistance; and I must particularly mention Captain Blaquiere and Captain Campbell.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

Lieutenant-General Lord Cathcart, K.T. &c.

P.S. We have taken a large store of powder and other military stores in this town, which I propose to destroy, if I should not be able to prevail upon the captain of one of his Majesty's ships to take charge of them.

[Then follows a letter from Lord Cathcart, enclosing Major-General Linsengen's account of the engagement before Kioge, on the 29th ult.]

SIR, *Ringstedt, Aug. 31.*

The right column, consisting of six squadrons of the 1st, 2d, and 3d light dragoons, King's German legion, five companies of the 95th, half a battery of horse artillery, the 43d foot, and the 6th line battalion, King's German legion, broke up from Roskold by five o'clock on the 29th instant, reached Arstead by eight o'clock, when two squadrons, that had been sent the night before from Roskold to Arstead, did join the division. This detachment, under the command of Major Grote, 1st light dragoons, had been sent to Arstead for the purpose of getting information with regard to the enemy at and in the neighbourhood of Ringstedt and Kioge. The major took two prisoners in the night; the one carrying despatches directed to a Danish general, and detailing all our marches, and ascertaining the strength of our corps. The major likewise took thirty waggons with provisions. The column again, after a short halt, moved towards Laddger, on the road to Higbye: having reached the former place, some armed militia and small detachments were seen towards Eigbye.

As it was my intention to cross the rivulet that runs from Gungarg to Kioge at Yderholm, or Littenge Gaard, I detached one squadron, one gun, and two companies of the 95th riflemen, to the right, to reconnoitre either passage, under the command of Major Plessen, of the 1st light dragoons. The grounds between Eigbye and Dalbye being greatly covered with wood, intersected by a large morass, and found impracticable for a column to pass, the passage at Yderholm was given up, and that of Littenge Gaard chosen. The detachment under Major Plessen went along the left bank of the rivulet by Spanager, to protect the right of the column, which moved on by Eigbye at about half past nine o'clock, A.M. The cavalry being arrived at the banks of the rivulet near Littenge Gaard, the planks over the bridge had been taken up, and nothing remained for the cavalry and part of the horse artillery, but to ford the rivulet, which they instantly did, and advanced along the right bank of it, halted to await the infantry and the rest of the horse artillery, who by this time had arrived in close column at the bridge. The pioneers of the 6th battalion of the line repaired it so far, in twenty-five minutes time, that the infantry were enabled to pass by single files (which retarded much the progress of the column), while the rest of the horse artillery passed through the ford. Till now the enemy did not in the least attempt to oppose it. After having passed the bridge, the infantry moved on in close columns, through Littenge Gaard, on the road to Kioge, between the rivulet and the wood. Here I ordered part of the 95th to clear the woods to the right of the column; the detachment of the 43d to do the same in front; and forming the 6th battalion and rest of the 43d in line, advanced with them, and the horse artillery in the rear of the cavalry, four squadrons of which had already reached the plain at the end of the woods. In the mean while I detached two squadrons in the rear, directing them to cross the wood upon the right, and to advance upon Swansberg Syllum to the bridge on the road between Hortfolge and Soeder. Major Plessen, who took the command, passed the wood, which in the mean time had been cleared by the rifle corps, and some sharp-shooters of the

6th battalion, who met with little opposition, except some platoon-firing, occasioned by several divisions of the enemy's infantry retreating out of the woods, the greatest part of whom were either taken prisoners or cut to pieces. It was at this time that Lieutenant Ruedorff, of the 1st light dragoons, was dangerously wounded, together with Lieutenant Jance, of the 3d light dragoons, whilst gallantly charging some infantry at the entrance of Kioge.

The cavalry of Colonel Alten having passed the opening between the woods, I ordered the horse-artillery to play upon a Danish column of infantry, retreating from Kioge towards the shore, which Captain Wetzleben executed with as much precision as effect; but a few shots were fired by the Danish artillery, the same being soon silenced by the superior firing of the British. The cavalry during this had taken eighteen waggons with ammunition, arms, and accoutrements, and made a few prisoners.

The country being much intersected with high banks and ditches, did not allow the 6th battalion and 43d to advance in line: they were obliged to cross them, by firing in divisions, before they could reach the plain before the wood, where they formed the line again. By this time the squadron of Major Plessen having crossed the wood in front of Ashay, and advanced across the plain, overtook about fifty waggons, partly laden with baggage, ammunition, arms, &c. and being obliged to leave a good number of men with them and the prisoners, they greatly weakened their strength, and were necessitated to wait the arrival of the centre, under Colonel Alten, whom I, after he passed Clemenhap, ordered to advance speedily upon Helfalze, where part of the Danish column of infantry had taken possession of the church-yard, Colonel Alten inclined to the right with his squadrons, in order to turn the village; and whilst the light artillery opened a fire upon the church, and some riflemen of the 95th assailed it in flank, he and Lieutenant Schnuring, of the 2d light dragoons, rapidly advanced with sixteen hussars, obliged the Danish general Oxenholm, four officers, and abour 150 privates, to lay down their arms; on this occasion a corporal of the 2d light dragoons was shot, and several horses wounded. The village having been taken, the cavalry, joined by the horse-artillery, followed up their advantage, by pursuing the enemy towards Soeder, where many prisoners were made.

The infantry being unable to follow the rapid movements of the cavalry, took a position near Swansberg; and perceiving the enemy completely routed, I took the road through the wood by Fangerod, and from thence to Giersler; in order to pursue the enemy in the right flank, and watch his movements in his retreat, protecting at the same time the flanks of my cavalry that had advanced towards the heights of Soeder, losing sight of the enemy. The cavalry of my division received orders, with the 95th rifle corps, to fall back to us to take a position, with their advanced posts from Lillenge Gaard, by Ashay, Swansberg, Sillecrass, and Vinkiold, to cover the head-quarters at Kioge.

The 6th battalion, part of the 43d foot, some horse-artillery, and a few cavalry, followed me to Giersler, and, with some detachments, pursued the retreating enemy towards the plains of Ringstedt.

The conduct of both officers and men on this occasion claims my warmest thanks; and I beg leave to bring to your notice Colonel Holmstedt, who commanded the infantry, Colonel Alten, who led the cavalry, and Lieutenant Wade, at the head of the rifle corps and light infantry, who all three, by their zeal and attention, greatly assisted me.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) LINSINGEN, Maj.-Gen.

Major-General the Right Honourable Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B.

[Here follows a short note from Lord Cathcart, announcing the opening of all the batteries—and a memorandum, containing uninteresting copies of notes which passed between Lieutenant-General Lord Cathcart and General Peyman, alluded to in the despatches of Admiral Gambier and Lord Cathcart, which were published in the first Extraordinary Gazette.]

MY LORDS, *Copenhagen, Sept. 5, 1807.*

For preventing further effusion of blood, and not exposing the city to the sad consequences of a longer bombardment, I propose an armistice of twenty-four hours, in order to come to an agreement that may lead to the settling of the preliminary articles of a capitulation. It is with the highest personal consideration

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) PEYMAN.

The Commanders in Chief of the British Forces.

Head-Quarters, before Copenhagen,

SIR, *Sept. 5.*

The same necessity which has obliged us to have recourse to arms on the present occasion, compels me to decline any overture which might be productive of delay only; but to prove to you my ardent desire to put an end to scenes which I behold with the greatest grief, I send an officer who is authorised to receive any proposal you may be inclined to make relative to articles of capitulation, and upon which it may be possible for me to agree to any, even the shortest armistice.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) CATHCART, Lieut.-Gen.

His Excellency Major-General Peyman.

MY LORD, *Copenhagen, Sept. 5.*

The proposal has been made without any the least dilatory intention; but the night being too far advanced for deliberating upon a matter of such very high importance, with the respective departments, a measure necessary on account of his Majesty's absence, and that of the Prince; and my state of health not permitting me to proceed as expeditiously as I wish; I engage to send to morrow, before twelve o'clock, the articles relative to the capitulation, and have, in the mean time, the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) PEYMAN.

Lord Cathcart, Commander in Chief of the British Troops.

Head Quarters, before Copenhagen,

SIR, *Sept. 6.*

Having communicated to Admiral Gambier your letter received this morning, together with those of last night, I have to acquaint you, that we will consent to treat with you for the capitulation of Copenhagen, on the basis of your delivering up the Danish fleet.

But, as you have not forwarded articles of capitulation, officers of rank, in the sea and land service of his Britannic Majesty, shall be sent forthwith, to prepare articles with you, or with the officers you may appoint; and which may, if possible, unite the objects you have in view, in regard to the occupation of Copenhagen, with the performance of the service entrusted to us.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) CATHCART.

Major-General Peyman.

MY LORD, *Copenhagen, Sept. 6.*

I accept of your proposal with respect to the delivering up of his Majesty's fleet, as the fundamental basis of negociations; but with this proviso, that no other English troops enter the city than those commissaries, officers, and military men, who shall be stipulated and agreed on in the course of said negociations.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) PEYMAN.

Lord Cathcart, Commander of the British Troops.

MY LORD, *Copenhagen, Sept. 6.*

As soon as you shall be pleased to appoint a neutral place out of the town where to meet on both sides for regulating the articles of capitulation, officers, provided with full powers for negociating, shall be sent, and in the interim the armistice is considered as subsisting till contrary orders shall be given.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) PEYMAN.

Lord Cathcart, Commander of the British Troops.

Head Quarters before Copenhagen,

SIR, *Sept. 6.*

The officers appointed to treat with you are, Major-General the Right Honourable Sir Arthur Wellesley, K. B. Sir Home Popham, captain of the fleet, and Lieutenant Colonel Murray, deputy quarter-master general of the army. These officers are waiting at the barrier, and will meet the officers named by you, at any place you may appoint for immediate discussion, between our advanced posts and your lines.

Orders were given to desist from the bombardment, and to cease firing the moment your first letter was received; but there has been no armistice concluded; a proof of which is, that a house in the suburbs has been seen set on fire, within these few minutes by your people, close to our centinels.

As we have already stated more than once, we can admit of no delay in this business, and therefore it will immediately appear, whether the articles proposed are of such a nature as to warrant an armistice.—I have the honour to be, &c,

(Signed) CATHCART, Lieut. Gen.

Major General Peyman.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

BUONAPARTE is about to create thirty new marquisates; many of the titles to be accompanied by territorial allotments in Westphalia.

Buonaparte is grown so fat and lusty, that those who saw him four or five years ago, would not know him, or scarcely believe he is the same person.

An extraordinary assassin, of the name of Lambarthe Puot, the terror of his canton, was lately executed at Thoulouse. In order to secure him, a brigade of *gens d'armes*, and the inhabitants of an entire village, were obliged to assemble. He broke out of prison several times. He was thrice condemned to death, and the last sentence could not have been executed without the precaution which had been taken of putting a rope about his neck, in order to weaken his strength and powers of resistance. He threw the executioner off the scaffold; and so terrified his assistant, that he durst not venture to lay hands upon him.

Buonaparte being informed that a child was alive, who was the immediate descendant, in a direct line, from the great Corneille, and who was maintained by an aunt, whose narrow circumstances would not allow her to give him an education worthy of his illustrious origin, has assigned to the boy an advantageous appointment in the Lyceum at Versailles.

M. De Cossigny, a correspondent of the National Institute of France, has found out a method of preventing explosions, so frequent in powder mills; and, as an instance of its validity, he asserts, that the two powder mills, in the Isle of France, have been worked during 26 years past, in consequence of following his method, without a single explosion; though, previous to the adoption of his plan, explosions had been frequent. We trust, that if the National Institute find M. Cossigny's plan effectual, they will publish it to the world at large, for the benefit of humanity.

The Dutch papers contain two decrees directed against our commerce; the one declaring that the property already seized is not to go into the public treasury, but to be applied to a sinking fund;—the other declares, that all neutral vessels, of whatever description, coming from, or going to, an English port, are to be seized, and declared lawful prize. They contain a list of 47 ships which have lately been detained in Holland.

The ports of Leghorn have been entered by French detachments; and another body of the usurper's troops was on its way to Florence.

The report of the French having taken possession of the Seven Islands, is officially confirmed. On the 19th, Corfu, and all the fortified points in the island, were occupied by them. The Russians are getting ready to evacuate the whole republic.

According to letters from the Tyrol, Trieste and Fiume have been taken possession of by the French. Upon receiving this intelligence, the Vienna paper fell two per cent.

Before the French took possession of Cattaro, the Russians had already left the islands of Curzola, Granza, Solta, and Lissa, (on the coast of Dalmatia,) and all embarked for Corfu. The 6,000 French troops destined for the garrison of Cattaro *were embarked on board Russian ships of war at Sebenigo and Spalatro, in order that they might not be attacked by the English on their passage.* On the 9th of August General Marmont went by land to Cattaro, by the way of Ragusa, in order to make there the necessary regulations.

The French have not only entered the kingdom of Etruria, but they will also occupy all the posts in the ecclesiastical states, in order to cut off all communication of the English with Italy. According to the most recent intelligence from Rome, Cevita Vecchia is already occupied by French troops.

It is mentioned from various quarters, that several provinces in the kingdom of Naples were in open insurrection, and that considerable bodies of troops had taken the field against the insurgents, whose operations are represented as partaking more of enterprize than of discretion. It is probable that the recent march of French troops into southern Italy, may have been occasioned by these commotions.

Hopes are entertained at Milan, that they shall see the Emperor and King, Napoleon, in the course of the autumn, in Italy: preparations are already made for his reception in Venice, and other places. It is said, that *arrangements of the utmost importance* will be made, during his stay in that country.

The republic of Ragusa is now incorporated with the kingdom of Italy.

A merchant at Lisbon, in a letter to a friend in London, after dwelling upon the tyrannical conduct of the French government towards that of Portugal, describes the disposition of the latter to make any concession in its power, to the terms proposed by the envoy of Buonaparte. Those terms were—first, the advance of 4,000,000 crusades to France; secondly, the surrender of all the Portuguese fleet to that power; and thirdly, the closing of the ports of Portugal against the ships of this country. To the last proposition the Prince Regent expressed his disposition to acquiesce, being bound to do so upon the demand of Spain, according to the terms of the treaty of Badajois, in 1801. But as to the first proposition, the Portugueze government stated to the French envoy their absolute incapacity to comply with it; and the second proposition they entirely declined. Buonaparte, however, persisted in his requisitions; and the consequence is represented to be, the determined resolution of the Portuguese government to remove to the Brazils.

A British merchant is stated to have paid the enormous sum of 1200*l.* sterling for the freight of a vessel to remove his family and property to this country.

It is stated in a private letter from the continent, that an Austrian courier, charged with despatches to Count Stahremberg, was recently stopped in Holland, and all his papers taken from him.

The French are making military roads from Wesel, Mentz, and Strasburgh, into the interior of Germany; the road from Strasburgh is to go through the greater part of southern Germany.

The Princess of Saxony, who refused Jerome Buonaparte, is to be married to the Prince Royal of Bavaria.—The Emperor of Austria takes to himself the eldest daughter of the late Duke Ferdinand of Milan. She appeared at court on the Emperor's birthday, with his Majesty's portrait on her neck. Besides diamonds, &c. this princess is to have, as part of her wardrobe, *five thousand* yards of cambric for handkerchiefs alone!

A letter from Altona positively states, that a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance has been concluded between France and Denmark. It is expected that Bernadotte will immediately enter Holstein with 50,000 men; whom he will encamp on the coast, in order to wait for an opportunity of transporting them to Zealand.

The India Company has continued to Akbar Saunce, son and successor of Shah Allum, the late Emperor of Delhi, the establishment and pension enjoyed by his father, and have given to some of his relatives a large tract of country which formerly belonged to the family.

By American papers to the 16th ult. we have received an account of the trial of one of the deserters from his Majesty's ship Halifax, who was found on board of the United States frigate Chesapeak, when she was searched by the Leopard. His name is John Wilson, *alias* Jenkin Ratford, and he proved to have been a native of London. After a long and careful investigation by the court martial before which he was tried, on board the Bellerisle, in Halifax harbour, he was adjudged to suffer death, by being hung at the yard-arm of one of his Majesty's ships at Halifax. After the trial, and when the prisoner was brought forward upon the quarter-deck, and the witnesses and audience admitted, Admiral Sir A. Cochrane, K. B. president of the court martial, addressed the prisoner in nearly the following words:—

"You have now heard the awful sentence of the court—You have been found guilty of deserting from the service of your country, which, at all times, is highly criminal: if it was possible to make it more so, it is at the present crisis, when Great Britain is struggling for her very existence.

"Your deserting from the Halifax, and entering into the American navy, has been attended with the most serious consequences, affecting the peace of both countries.

"The offences, of which you have been found guilty, are of so flagrant a nature, that I cannot flatter you with the least hope of pardon; I, therefore, earnestly recommend your employing the short time you may have to live, in making your peace with heaven.

"All who are now present, and have witnessed this trial, as well as the crews of others of his majesty's ships, must be convinced of the heinous crime of desertion; more particularly so, when it is attended with mutinous and contemptuous behaviour to your officers—the fate of the unfortunate prisoner will, I trust, sink deep into your minds, and prevent the continuance of an offence so hurtful to your country, and disgraceful to the character of British seamen."

On Monday morning, August 31, at a quarter past nine o'clock, the sentence of the court martial was carried into effect, at the fore-yard-arm of his majesty's sloop of war, Halifax.

The three deserters from the Melampus, who were taken out of the Chesapeak, have been also tried, and were sentenced to receive 500 lashes each; but we learn from Halifax that they have since been pardoned.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SEPTEMBER 24.

THE Old Bailey sessions terminated.—In the course of the week, the following trials occurred:—E. Gilson was capitally arraigned for setting fire to his house in Old Boswel-court, with a view to defraud the London Assorance Company of 600l. It was proved by the firemen, that combustibles were placed in different parts of the house, particularly candles stuck in potatoes, and placed in contact with the cieling and stairs: the prisoner had sent his wife out of the house on the preceding evening, and also made his servants retire to bed earlier than usual. He alarmed them about three in the morning, and appeared dressed as usual, even with his apron on. Facts were entered into to prove his criminality, and he was found guilty.—Death.

James Bullock, a bankrupt, was tried for feloniously secreting his property from his creditors. It appeared, that the prisoner had been a wine and spirit merchant in Lawrence Pountney-lane, and had carried on the same trade in Scott's yard. He became a bankrupt in April last. It appeared that the prisoner's clerk, Wallis, had made up a statement of the debts due to the prisoner, both in town and country; but the cash-book of the prisoner had never been made up. On the first appearance of the prisoner's insolvency, his deficiency amounted to about 150l. but it was soon discovered actually to come to 1200l.—J. Spencer, assistant to Mr. Page, messenger to the commissioners of bankrupts, testified the absence of the prisoner when summoned. The messenger followed him to Edinburgh, whither he had sent sixteen packages. He then took him into custody, and recovered the packages. Several other circumstances were entered into, which proved his felonious intent, and the jury found him guilty.—Death.

When James Bullock was called on, in the usual way, by the clerk of the arraigns, to say, why sentence of death, and execution thereon, should not be passed on him, he repeated some objections he made on his trial, that he was not guilty of any intentional fraud or wrong, and that he had been tried and convicted upon illegal and unconstitutional evidence.—When the recorder had finished his exhortation, and passed the awful sentence of the law, Bullock addressed him as follows:—

"Permit me, my lord, for myself, and in the name of all the unfortunate persons now at this bar, to return you our most grateful thanks for your friendly admonition. It came from the heart, and I trust will be felt by the heart. Perhaps the most afflicting part of our sufferings is the misery and disgrace brought upon and felt by our relations and friends! As for myself, death has no

pang. And I trust, when I am summoned before that awful Tribunal, where we must all some time appear, that I shall stand well with a most merciful Saviour!"

He then bowed respectfully, and retired from the bar, apparently borne down by the horrors of his situation. He is a tall man, about forty years of age, of middle stature, of a gentlemanly appearance and address, and of a pitch of intellect which might render him an honour to any situation in life.

28. The new sheriffs, Messrs. Phillips and Smith, were sworn into office before the Lord Mayor, at Guildhall.

29. Alderman Ainslie was elected Lord Mayor for the year ensuing. The thanks of the livery were then voted to the late Sheriff, Sir James Branscomb; but withheld from Sir Jonathan Miles; against whom, on the contrary, a vote of censure was carried, for his almost total neglect of the duties of the office of his sheriffalty.

30. The new sheriffs were, with the usual ceremony, sworn in before the cursitor baron of the Exchequer, at Westminster. Upon the foregoing several occasions, Sheriff Smith entertained the lord mayor, aldermen, city officers, &c. at Draper's Hall, and Sheriff Phillips at Stationers' Hall.

This evening, a comet made its appearace, visible to the naked eye, in the neighbourhood of London.—Its place formed nearly a right angle with the bright star Arcturus, and the elegant constellation Corona, or the Northern Crown, and set almost due west about eight o'clock. Its appearnce to the naked eye, was that of a star of the first magnitude, having a very distinguishable beam of light or nebulosity, extending to the left or south of its body, apparently of about a foot or eighteen inches in length. The colour of the whole was very white.

In a desperate dispute at a card club, at Flimwell, Sussex, last week, one of the party drew a knife, and ripped up the bowels of a young farmer, named Fincett.

Oct. 3. The chapel at Holloway, near Islington, was burned down on this morning, about three o'clock; and some suspicion having arisen that the fire was not accidental, 100l. reward has been offered for the discovery of the incendiary.

5. Christopher Smith, esq. sheriff, was elected alderman for Cordwainers' ward, in the room of the late Sir Brook Watson.

7. This morning, at six o'clock, a fire was discovered in Mr. Whitbread's brewery, in Chiswell-street. Fortunately the flames were subdued before they had done very material damage; it is rather singular, that the flames contributed in a great measure to the extinguishing of themselves; for they burned down the pillars on which a vat, containing 2071 barrels of beer stood; the vat fell, and the flames were extinguished by the torrent of beer which flowed from it.

A court martial, at which Sir J. Duckworth presided, was held on board his Majesty's ship, Salvador del Mundo, in Hamoaz, Plymouth, on charges exhibited by Captain Dilkes of the Hazard, against William Berry, first lieutenant of the said ship, for a breach of the 2d and 29th articles of war; the former respecting uncleanness, &c. the latter the commission of an unnatural crime with Thomas Gibbs, a boy belonging to the Hazard, on the 23d of August. The evidence being heard in support of the charges, the prisoner not having prepared his defence, begged time, which the court readily granted, till next day at ten o'clock. At that hour the court assembled again; and having heard what the prisoner had to offer in his defence, and maturely weighed the same, the court were of opinion the charges had been fully proved, and accordingly adjudged the prisoner to be hanged. One of the witnesses on this awful and horrible trial, was a little female tar, Elizabeth Bowden, who has been on board the Hazard these eight months. She appeared in court in a long jacket and blue trowsers.

8. The new sheriffs visited the compters, and Friday they spent the whole day in a minute inspection of every part of Newgate; when they ordered a variety of regulations, calculated to promote the health and comfort of the persons confined in those populous receptacles of vice and misfortune.

9. This morning, a dreadful fire broke out at a Mr. Cope's sugar-house, in Osborne-street, nearly opposite Whitechapel church, (occasioned by a boiler being over-heated) which burnt with great fury, and communicated to several other houses, some of which were consumed, and others much damaged.

15. This night a most distressing scene occurred at Sadlers Wells, a little before ten o'clock, from a false alarm of fire; in consequence of which, a terrible confusion ensued. The spectators nearest to the stage rushed upon it; and many persons leaped from the gallery into the pit. Mr. Dibdin, and other proprietors, appeared, in vain, upon the stage, to pacify the tumult, by assuring the audience that there was not the least danger. The chandeliers, and most of the musical instruments, were broken to pieces.—This calamitous event was caused by the conduct of some gangs of pickpockets and low women, both in the pit and gallery, who insulted many persons; and on being repulsed, a general confusion arose. The cry of "fight" was construed into an exclamation of "fire," and the females in the boxes becoming panic struck, alarmed the people in the gallery, many of whom threw themselves over into the pit.—The catastrophe which followed was produced by the violent pressure of persons who had quitted the gallery of the Theatre on the first alarm, endeavouring, when they found it to have been groundless,

to return to their places: but a number of others who were still pressing to get out, being on the staircase, occasioned such a concussion between the two parties, as to produce the suffocation, by which eighteen lives have been lost, and upwards of 30 persons dreadfully wounded.

On Friday the Coroner and his Jury examined the bodies, some of which had undergone a material change, from the rapid progress of putrefaction; so that the age of one of them could not be ascertained within 12 or 14 years; and the countenance of another was unknown to her companion: she could only be recognized by her dress.—The names and residences of the victims of this affecting event are as follow:

1, John Lubden, aged 20, of No. 7, Bell-yard, Temple-bar.
2, Rebecca Ling, of Bridge-court, Cannon-row, Westminster.
3, Edward Bland, aged 28, of No 13, Bear-street, Leicester-fields.
4, John Greenwood, King-street, Hoxton-square.
5, Sarah Chalkeley, of No. 24, Oxford-road.
6, Rhoda Wall, aged 16, of the Crooked-Bill, Hoxton.
7, Mary Evans, Market-street, Shoreditch.
8, Caroline Terrill, Plough-street, Whitechapel.
9, William Pincks, aged 17, of Hoxton-market.
10, James Phelliston, aged 30, White Lion-street, Pentonville.
11, Edward Clements, aged 18, Paradise-court, Battle-bridge.
12, James Groves, a servant with Mr. Taylor, Hoxton-square.
13, Benjamin Price, a lad of about 12 years old, of No. 33, Lime-street. Leadenhall-street.
14, Elizabeth Margaret Ward, of No. 20, Plumbtree-street, Bloomsbury.
15, Lydia Carr, of No. 23, Peerless Pool, City-road.
16, John Ward, aged 16, of No. 1, Glasshouse yard, Goswell-street.
17, Charles Judd, aged 20, of Artillery-lane, Bishopsgate street.
18, Rebecca Saunders, 9 years old, of No. 12, Draper's-buildings, London Wall.

Besides these, a great many others were conveyed into the apartments appointed for the reception of the dead, who were supposed to have been deprived of life, but who, after bleeding, and a short interval of repose, recovered. A husband and wife were both carried for dead into this place: on breathing the vein of the wife there was no emission; but on like incision being made in the arm of the husband, the blood burst forth, and after a few minutes of suspended animation, his senses returned, and the first object that attracted his eye was his own wife, a corpse by his side. A paroxism of frenzy was the immediate consequence, and he was borne off in this dreadful situation.

The evidence proved the origin of the calamity in the way we have stated; and the Jury returned a verdict—"*Killed casually, accidentally, and by misfortune.*"—The coroner observed, that no blame whatever was attached to the theatre. Mr. Dibdin, and the other proprietors, having done every thing that humanity and presence of mind could dictate.—There were four nights more of performance for the season; but the proprietors, out of feeling and delicacy, closed the Theatre.—Mr. Dibdin is entitled to the greatest praise for his exertions and humanity. He converted his drawing-room into a receptacle for the dead and dying, and used every effort to procure medical assistance.

It was a happy circumstance, that the closing scene, which is the aquatic piece, had not commenced: the water is only about five feet deep; but, in the pressure, hundreds might have been thrown down and drowned. The gallery, from which many leaped into the pit, is elevated about 30 feet above the floor, and it is astonishing how few were hurt in the fall.

A brewer's servant and his brother, and another man with a woman, having been detected in the pit behaving in the most riotous manner just previous to the accident, were admitted to bail, to stand trial for a misdemeanor; but the woman was committed to prison.

18. This afternoon, a person attempted to shoot the Lord Mayor of York, in the street, with a horse pistol, which, however missed fire. He was immediately seized, and the pistol taken from him; it was loaded with powder to within two inches of the muzzle, but without ball.

19. The sentence of the court martial was executed on Lieutenant Berry, late first lieutenant of the Hazard sloop of war, who was convicted of a nameless offence. The prisoner, being removed from the Salvador del Mundo, to the Hazard, lying alongside a hulk in Hamoaze, at nine o'clock appeared, and mounted the scaffold with the greatest fortitude; he then requested to speak with the Rev. Mr. Birdwood, on the scaffold; he said a few words to him, but in so low a tone of voice that he could not be distinctly heard; and on the blue cap being put over his face, the bow gun was fired, and he was immediately run up to the starboard fore-yard-arm, with a 32lb. shot tied to his legs. Unfortunately the knot had got round under his chin, which caused great convulsions for a quarter of an hour. After being suspended the usual time, he was lowered into his coffin. He was a native of Lancaster, and only 22 years of age. For the last week he seemed very penitent, and perfectly resigned. —A curious circumstance occurred while the prisoner was in the cabin with the clergy-

man receiving the sacrament. A woman came alongside the Hazard's hulk, and handed a letter up, signed Elizabeth Roberts, addressed to the commanding officer, which stated that Lieutenant William Berry could yet be saved, and that the person who could do it was alongside;—it was by marriage. The woman was ordered on board, and put under the care of a sentinel. When the execution was over, Captain Dilkes, with the clergyman and others, questioned the woman: she said she had dreamed last night, that if she went on board the Hazard this day, and that if Lieutenant Berry would marry her, he would not suffer death. On being asked who advised her, she replied that she told her dream to some women where she lived in Dock, who recommended her to go, in consequence of her dream. She was admonished, and sent on shore.

21. This evening, an inquest was taken before Benjamin Rooke, junior, Esq. at the Black Bull Inn, Hoddesdon, Herts, on the bodies of two women, who were barbarously murdered on the preceding evening, by Thomas Simmonds.

The principal evidence was Elizabeth Harris, the maid-servant, on whom the first attack was made by the prisoner. From the depositions of this girl, and other witnesses, the following facts were collected:—

Mr. George Boreham, a respectable farmer, and one of the society of Friends, has been many years resident close to the town of Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire—had four daughters, one of them the wife of Mr. Warner, brass-founder, of Jewin-street, London, the other three single; Mrs. Warner had been on a visit to her parents several days. On Tuesday evening, Mrs. Hommerston (housekeeper to Mr. Edward Battley) went to Mr. Boreham's, to spend the evening; and while she was sitting with Mr. and Mrs. Boreham, and their four daughters, about nine o'clock in the evening, they heard a noise in a small back-yard, adjoining the dwelling-house. Mrs. Hommerston got up, opened the back-door, and went into the yard, to see who was there; when Thomas Simmonds, late servant to Mr. G. Boreham, struck her a very violent blow on the back part of her neck with a penknife, and afterwards stabbed her in two other places with the same knife. She then returned into, and ran through, the sitting-room which she had just left, as far as the porch, and sat down there on the bench, being quite exhausted from the loss of blood. The villain then rushed into the sitting-room, with the same knife open, and stabbed Mrs. Warner in the neck, and divided the left carotid artery; she ran to the fire-place, and then to the front window, where she fell dead. He then flew to Mrs. Boreham, and stabbed her in the hind part of her head, close to the neck, and afterwards in the back part of her left shoulder. She ran from him into the street, and down to Thomas Clarke's cottage, just by, calling out "Murder!" Mr. Boreham's other three daughters fled; two up stairs, and one into the street. The villain then ran out of the sitting-room into the back kitchen, and back across the little yard into the sitting-room, after the maid servant. Mr. Boreham, who had been looking on during this most horrid transaction, got up, and (notwithstanding he had been deprived of the use of his hands, and could only crawl about, from a paralytic stroke) caught up the poker, and in going after him, was thrown down by the maid, whom the villain laid hold of at the same instant, knelt on her body, laid hold of her mouth with his left hand, and was just going to cut her throat, when she took the knife from him. He then fled, and the maid ran up into the town, calling out "Murder!"

It appears that this young man had been servant in the family of Mr. Boreham for about two years last past, but from which he had been very lately dismissed. While in the family, he paid his addresses to the servant, Elizabeth Harris; but the symptoms of a ferocious and ungovernable temper, which he had frequently displayed, had induced Mrs. Boreham to dissuade the girl from having any connexion with him; and this violent disposition had led also to his dismissal from the family. The girl had likewise foolishly told him, that her mistress had advised her to have nothing to do with him; she afterwards received the addresses of a man of the name of Dighton, which had so exasperated Simmonds, that he had been heard to say, more than once, "he would do for them all."

Mr. James, the surgeon, of Hoddesdon, was immediately called in, and, on his arrival found Mrs. Hommerston on the bench in the porch, speechless, but not quite dead; she lived about three minutes; and on going into the sitting-room, he found Mrs. Warner on her back, under the front window, quite dead, and Mrs. Boreham bleeding; he was at first very doubtful of her recovery, but there are great hopes that she will do well.

The evidence before the coroner being gone through, the Jury, without hesitation, gave in a verdict of—*Wilful Murder, against Thomas Simmonds.*

The villain was immediately conveyed to Hertford gaol; and he has since confessed, to the gaoler, &c. the whole transaction; and that he attempted to stab the maid in the neck, but the knife went into her hand; and, at the moment he was making the second attempt, *he heard an odd kind of fluttering noise behind him, and on looking back, saw a brown figure, with wings extended, which frighted him so much, that he let the maid take the knife out of his hand, and crawled out of the back door on his hands and knees, and the figure followed him to the garden*

gate; that he then saw no more of it, and fled to a cow-shed, some way off, and covered himself over with straw, where he lay until he was taken; and that it is impossible for any person to conceive the state of his mind at this moment.

Two attempts had been made, in the course of the winter, to break open and rob the house of Mr. Boreham, which led to a suspicion that Simmonds was connected with a gang of accomplices: but when he was brought before the coroner's jury, covered with blood, and closely interrogated, he denied all connexion with accomplices, expressed sorrow for what he had done, and said he had no previous intention to murder Mrs. Hommerston, or any of Mr. Boreham's family; his sole design was against Elizabeth Harris.

22. The lord mayor narrowly escaped drowning. He had been to the Medway, to hold a court of conservancy; and on his return a squall laid the boat on her beam-ends, with the sail in the water. By the activity of the men on board, however, she was most extraordinarily prevented from filling.

Almost the whole of the valuable property of the Abergavenny East Indiaman has been recovered from the wreck of that ship, near the Race of Portland.—Chests, containing 70,000 dollars, and also 30 pipes of wine, have been weighed up from her in the course of the present summer.

His Majesty Louis XVIII. is hourly expected in England. His removal from the Russian dominions was one of the disgraceful stipulations imposed on the Emperor Alexander by the treaty of Tilsit.

We know of no publication that contains more information on the subject, or is better adapted for gentlemen going to the *East Indies*, than Johnson's Oriental Voyager (just published by J. Asperne, Cornhill, price 10s. 6d.). A respectable literary journal says, "This volume forms a code of instruction for young adventurers, who, it is well known, are often ordered out to India without any previous knowledge of the country, and also at a time when they cannot possibly furnish themselves with books containing the necessary information: in fact, the author's sole object is, to furnish a useful companion on his first visit to the oriental world, and the means of preserving of health in hot climates, and preventing those ruinous consequences that result from intemperance, &c. &c.

MARRIAGES.

At Lambeth church, Captain Alexander Campbell, of the Hon. East India Company's service, to the eldest daughter of the late John Wallis, Esq. of Kennington, Surrey, and Whitchurch, Oxfordshire.

At St. Giles, Camberwell, J. W. Briant, brewer, Chigwell, to Miss M. A. Beck, daughter of W. Beck, Esq. Camberwell.

In St. Christopher's, the Right Hon. Lord Cranstoun, to Miss Macnamara, eldest daughter of John Macnamara, Esq. at the Retreat, a country residence of the latter.

The Hon. W. Cavendish, M.P. for Derby, to the Hon. Miss O'Callaghan, eldest daughter of the late Lord Lismore.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Captain Bettesworth, of the Crocodile frigate, to Lady H. Grey, youngest daughter of Earl Grey, and sister to Lord Howick.

At Bath, Sir Charles Alston, Bart. to Mrs. Pigot, widow of the late Colonel Pigot, and niece of General Johnson.

J. Fleming, Esq. captain in the 16th regiment of foot, to Lady Leigh, of Baker-street, Portman-square, widow of Sir S. E. Leigh, brother to Sir E. Leigh.

J. Poynder, Esq. of Bridewell Hospital, to Miss Eliz. Brown, of Clapham, Surrey.

At Kensington, R. Hovil, Esq. of Hermitage-street, to Mrs. Wigstead, relict of the late H. Wigstead, Esq. of Kensington.

At Walthamstow, W. Domville, Esq. of Lincoln's-inn, to Miss Maria Solly, daughter of the late I. Solly, of Walthamstow.

Lord Ranclife, to Lady S. Forbes, eldest daughter of the Earl of Granard. Earl Moira was present, and gave the hand of his niece to the noble bridegroom.—Lord R. being now of age, is come into the possession of an unencumbered property of 21,000*l.* per annum.

Mr. Wilmot Wells, manager of the Margate theatre, to *make assurance double sure*, after a lapse of several years, has re-married his *Juliet*. The newspaper report of this second marriage was as follows:—Lately was married, at Margate, Mr. W. Wells, manager of the theatre royal there. Mr. Wells was married to the same lady about ten years ago; but, in consequence of some informality, the marriage has been considered illegal, and would have deprived Mr. W. of considerable property on the death of his wife's uncle. The wary manager has, however, taken care to disappoint some anxious expectants, who had foolishly declared their intention of taking advantage of the circumstance.

Patrick Duigenan, Esq. D. L. judge of the prerogative court in Ireland, and member for Armagh, to Mrs. Hepenstal, widow of the late G. Hepenstal, attorney and solicitor to the Dublin police, of St. Andrew-street. The ceremony took place at Lilliput Lodge, the residence of the bride, at Sandymount. It was performed by his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, and the bride was given away by the Right Hon. J. Monck Mason. The bridegroom is upwards of 70 years of age; and the bride has several children.

MONTHLY OBITUARY.

LATELY, Mr. Bayley, hatter, of Marlborough, on his return from the Isle of Wight. He died in the coach, about four miles from Newbury.

Mrs. Mary Allcock, of Aby, near Louth, aged 100 years and 6 months.

In an advanced age, at Bath, John Michael Farquharson, Esq. of Whitehouse, in Scotland. He had resided many years at St. Petersburg.

At Berwick, in his 82d year, Mr. Alexander Fleming, formerly sergeant in the 25th foot, and lately sergeant-major of invalids, at Berwick. He had been a sergeant in the army ever since the battle of Fontenoy.

At Woombridge, Salop, Mary Heywood, aged 112.

At Brough, Mrs. Brown, aged upwards of 80; and, on the next day, Mr. B her husband, also at an advanced age. They were taken ill on the same day, died within twelve hours of each other, and were buried in the same grave.

In Lincoln's Inn Fields, the Rev. C. Juliens, chaplain to his Excellency the Sardinian Ambassador.

At Margate, in his 71st year, Lewis Agassiz, Esq.

At Sevenoaks, Mrs. Richardson, wife of Major-general Richardson.

Miss Florence Jones, third daughter of J. Jones, Esq. of Llanarth Court, Monmouthshire.

At Gloucester, Joseph Pierce, Esq. superintendant of the ordnance business in the county of Wilts.

In Pound-street, Belfast, a poor woman named Johnston, aged 123; her brother, who is still alive, is 100; and his wife of the same age.

At Nantwich, in Cheshire, aged 72, Samuel Hodgson, Esq.

At Beaconsfield, in an advanced age, the widow of the late General Haviland.

At Berwick, T. S. Smith, by cutting his throat. We mention the death of this wretched mortal on account of the singularity of his case. He was, originally, a poor carpenter; but, by the death of an uncle, became possessed of property to the amount of 1000l. a year, which, by saving and scraping, he increased to 1500l. a year. For several years, however, he was so strongly impressed with an idea that he should die a beggar, that life became a burden to him, and he resolved on self-destruction; about a month before his death he attempted it by means of laudanum; but, *unwilling to expend the money for the necessary quantity*, he escaped the intended effect.

At Lanark, aged 88, James Wilson, commonly called Kingson, the well-known companion of all classes, as a guide to the Falls of the Clyde.

In Walsall Workhouse, Peter Danks, aged 104.

At Snaresbrook, Essex, Mrs. Mary Faulkner, wife of Mr. B. Faulkner, of that place, late of Fleet-street, wine-merchant. She was just set down to dinner, was observed to change, and expired in a few minutes, without a sigh.

Whilst eating his supper, aged 77, Thomas Ives, forty-two years clerk of the parish of St. Peter, Northampton.

At his apartments in Greenwich Hospital, Lieutenant Peter Van Court, the oldest lieutenant of that place, as also in his majesty's service; he having been promoted to the rank of lieutenant on the 25th of December, 1747. He was in his 86th year.

Mr. Godfrey Hill, secretary to the Middlesex Hospital.

At Kingston, near Forfar, on the 6th ult. old John Maxwell, at the advanced age of 107. He retained his senses to the last, and only a few hours before his death gave directions as to his funeral. John was four times married; and, before his death, directed that he should be buried at Mains of Strathmartine, where his first wife was interred.

Jeffery Smith, Esq. late of Horsleydown, and a captain in the River Fencibles.

At her house, at Bath, in her 87th year, Mrs. Ravenhill, relict of the late T. Ravenhill, Esq. of Cheshunt, Herts.

At his house, Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury, S. Greig, Esq. commissioner for the navy of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias, and officiating Russian consul-general in Great Britain, aged 29.

At Croydon, Robert Harris, Esq. one of his majesty's justices of the peace for Surrey, and formerly a druggist in St. Paul's Churchyard.

At Brompton, where he went for the recovery of his health, C. Wright, Esq. chief clerk of the Admiralty, aged 74.

At Brompton, H. W. Bedford, Esq. of the British Museum.

At Yaxley, Huntingdonshire, aged 69, Mr. R. Gregory, father of Mr. Gregory of the Royal Military Academy.

Aged 69, J. Clark, Esq. head distributor of stamps for the counties of Northampton and Rutland, and the town of Birmingham.

Suddenly, in his 70th year, at his country house, Norwood, Surrey, C. Spencer, Esq. the contractor, of Great Marlborough-street. Mr. Spencer had gone from town in his carriage, and was crossing the paddock which leads from the turnpike road to his dwelling, when he dropped down in the sight of his servant.

At Hackney, James Lack, aged 105 years.

He served as a private soldier under George I. and II. was in the German wars in the reigns of those two monarchs, and attended General Wolfe in his last moments, at the siege of Quebec; and, it is worthy of remark, though he had been in 15 engagements, and 25 skirmishes, he had not received a wound, and boasted till death, that he never shewed his back to the enemy. He flattered himself, some weeks previous to his dissolution, that he should live to the age of Old Parr.

At his house, in Old Aberdeen, in the 32d year of his age, Mr. Hugh Stewart, brewer. The circumstances of his death are of a very melancholy nature: about four o'clock in the morning he had gone into the brewhouse to superintend the mashing, when, it is supposed, in reaching for something near the boiler, which was full of water, and boiling strong at the time, awful to relate, he fell into it head-long! Before assistance came to him he had recovered himself, and was standing upright. Although instantly taken out, and medical aid procured, yet he survived only about three hours, and these in the most excruciating tortures, which prevented his giving any account how the dreadful accident happened.

Sept. 18. At Maidstone, in her 58th year, Mrs. Macket. At the age of 23 she was the principal equestrian performer at Astley's, and was the first person who rode three horses in hand at one time, and jumped over the garter while the horses were in full speed.

19. At Salisbury, E. Hinaman, Esq. of Durnford House, an alderman of that city.

At Wotton-Basset, Wilts, John Ralph, Esq. alderman of that borough.

At Whitehouse, near Newcastle, Cooper Abbs, Esq.

20. Mrs. Rew, of the Adelphi.

Mrs. Beckley, wife of William Beckley, Esq. of Fore-street, Spital-square.

Miss Hansard, eldest daughter of Mr. Hansard, printer, Great Turnstile, in her 29th year.

22. At Sharnhook, near Bedford, W. M. Fraser, M. D. late of Lower Grosvenor-street, London; leaving a wife and ten children.

At Stirling, Captain Thomas Gilfillan, late of the 71st regiment of foot.

23. In her 79th year, at Edinburgh, Dowager Lady Stuart, of Allanbank.

In her 68th year, Mrs. James, relict of the late Rev. P. James, rector of Ightham, in Kent.

24. In Charter House Square, the Rev. Joseph Smith Hargrave.

26. At Scarborough, Sir Wharton Amcotts, of Kettlethorpe Park, Lincolnshire, Bart.

28. At Doncaster, aged 31, the Rev. W. Moore, vicar of Collingham, Yorkshire.

At Edinburgh, Mrs. Charteris, who had been a comedian in the theatre there more than 30 years. Her cast of characters were those which are generally played in London by Mrs. Davenport and Mrs. Sparkes.

29. At Bristol, aged 75, James Spearing, Esq.

30. At Woodford, Mrs. Free, of New Broad-street, aged 71.

In his 70th year, the Rev. Matthew Woodford, archdeacon of Winchester, a prebendary of that cathedral, and rector of Crawley and Calbourn, in Hampshire.

Edward Brome, Esq. of Town Malling, Kent.

At Islington, David Donald, Esq. aged 68, formerly a planter, of the parish of Hanover, in Jamaica.

Oct. 1. Henry Thurlow Shadwell, Esq. of Ringmell, Sussex.

2. In Doctor's Commons, Mrs. Anne Sturt, many years governess to young ladies.

The Rev. Dr. Sturges, one of the prebendaries of Winchester, and chancellor of that diocese.

3. At the Marquis Townshend's, Richmond, Surrey, the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Bisshopp, wife of Capt. Bisshopp, of the guards, and eldest daughter of Marquis Townshend.

5. At Ightham Court Lodge, Kent, Richard James, Esq. receiver general for the county, and many years colonel of the West Kent militia.

At Malvern, Shukbrugh Ashby Appreece, Esq. of Washingby House, Huntingdonshire, eldest son of Sir Thomas Hussey Appreece, Bart.

Mr. Thomas Priestley, of Halifax, inspector of the woollen manufacture, of bruises received by falling into a well near y 60 feet deep.

Mr. Stanwix, formerly of the Bath and Bristol theatres.

6. At Port Dundas, in his 26th year, Mr. J. M'Kenzie, a celebrated performer on the union pipes.

8. At Brighton, Captain and Adjutant Duval, of the royal South Gloucester militia.

9. Mrs. Windus, wife of Mr. Arthur Windus, Bishopsgate-street, in her 66th year.

At Chester, in his 76th year, John Ford, late of Old Bond-street, member of the Royal College of Physicians, and fellow of the Linnæan Society.

At Glasgow, Mrs. Mair, wife of John Mair, Esq. Friday-street, London.

At Brighton, Mr. Thomas Pellatt, jun. son of T. Pellatt, Esq. of Ironmongers' Hall, London.

10. In his 73d year, Peter Ainsworth, Esq. of Hallywell, near Bolton, Lancashire.

In Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, Washington Cotes, Esq.

11. In Staple Inn, Holborn, Mr. John Tobbet, attorney at law, aged 72.

Alured Henry Shove, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, a commissioner of bankrupt, and recorder of Queenborough.

12. In Nottingham-place, the Right Hon. Thomas Wynn, Baron Newborough, in the 72d year of his age. His lordship was first married to Lady C. Percival, daughter of the Earl of Egmont, by whom he had one son, who died. His second marriage was with an Italian lady, by whom he has left two sons, one in his fourth, the other in his fifth year.

After a short illness, at his father's house, in New Bond-street, aged 22, Mr. W. Hooper, a young man of unimpeached and unimpeachable integrity; a son, a brother, a friend, a citizen: exemplary in the discharge of every relative and social duty connected with his sphere of life; a warm lover of his kind, an humble adorer of his God. His life was short but useful: he lived innocent, he died resigned. His remains were interred on Monday, October 19.

At Edmund Castle, near Carlisle, aged 91, Thomas Graham, Esq. father of James Graham, Esq. M.P.

Burnt to death, Mrs. Grosett, wife of Schaw Grosett, Esq. of Rodney-place, Clifton.

13. Mr. John Wright, printer, of St. John's-square, in his 38th year, after only two days illness. He caught a cold while on a shooting party, which brought on a violent fever, that occasioned his death.

14. At Denmark Hill, Charles Hamond, Esq. of Milk-street, Cheapside, aged 59.

15. In St. James's-walk, Clerkenwell, George Friend, Esq.

17. In Manchester-buildings, Westminster, aged 84, Thomas Hearnes, Esq.

At his house at Wotton Court, Kent, aged 58, the Rev. Edward Tymewell Brydges, late claimant to the barony of Chandos. He has left no issue; but is succeeded in the claim by his brother, Samuel Egerton Brydges, Esq. F. A. S. of Denton, in Kent.

At Bristol Hotwells, Henry George Prettyman, Esq. son of the Rev. Archdeacon Prettyman, and nephew of the Bishop of Lincoln.

18. At the Castle Inn, Salt Hill, the Hon. Wm. Bligh, second son of the Earl of Darnley. He had been removed from Eton to the above inn, for the greater convenience of attendance, and the accomodation of the Earl and Countess of Darnley, who remained with him until all hopes of recovery were over.

19. At Bristol, aged 66, the Rev. J. Gent, vicar of Stoke Neyland, Suffolk.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Sinigaglia, aged 88, Cardinal Onorati.

At Paris, aged 81, M. Pfeffel, a well-known author of a history of Germany.

At Gibraltar, (of a wound that he received in a *duel*) aged *nineteen*, Mr. John Barnes, midshipman of the Renommée, of 74 guns, and son of John Barnes, Esq. of Stamford.

Lord Lavington, governor-general of the West India Islands.

At St. Petersburg, Mrs. Angerstein, mother of John Julius Angerstein, Esq.

At St. Petersburg, Mathew Guthrie, M.D. F.R.S. and F.S.A. of London and Edinburg, physician to the first and second imperial corps of noble cadets in St. Petersburg, and counsellor of state to his Imperial Majesty of all the Russias.

On board the Ganges Indiaman, John Price, Esq. head general hospital surgeon of the Bombay establishment.

On his passage from Bengal, Thomas Preston, Esq. Captain in the Hon. East India company's corps of engineers.

At Nassau, in his 61st year, Nathaniel Hall, Esq. collector of his Majesty's customs at that island, a member of the council, and president of the agricultural society.

At Alexandria, in the prime of youth and health, Lieutenant and Adjutant Thomas Hamilton, of the 78th Highland regiment, with which he fought at the battle of Maida, and on the plains of Egypt.

At St. Petersburgh, suddenly, Count Wasilgur, minister of finance.

At Verdun, in France, after three days illness, the Hon. C. Wallop, youngest brother of the Earl of Portsmouth, and formerly M.P. for the borough of Andover.

MONTHLY STATE OF COMMERCE.

London, 20th Oct. 1807.

THE united company of merchants, trading to the East Indies, declare they will put up to sale, at their present *September sale*, besides those goods already declared, the following tea, viz.

Bohea	500,000 lbs.
Congou and Campoi	4,300,000
Souchong and Pekoe	200,000
Singlo and Twankay	700,000
Hyson skin	100,000
Hyson	300,000
Total, including private trade	6,100,000

On Monday, the 7th December, 1807.—Prompt, 4th March, 1808.

At their sale on the 5th and 6th instant, was sold (being the conclusion of the indigo sale) for home consumption, the duties are to be paid, privilege 1,106 chests and 3 boxes indigo, 2s. 3d. to 10s. per lb. Private trade, 49 chests indigo, 2s. 11d. to 9s. per lb. Unclea ed in March sale, 1807, 3 chests indigo, 4s. 9d. to 6s. 2d. per lb. and afterwards at their *cinnamon sale*, 2,287 bales cinnamon, 6s. 6d. to 7s. 4d. per lb. if for home consumption duty to be paid. 10 chests 1 box of mace, at 48s. to 57s. per lb. and 3 chests of cloves, at 3s. 7d. per lb.

The safe arrival of the homeward-bound Jamaica, and Leeward Island fleets, have brought into the market a very large additional quantity of rum, sugar, cotton, coffee, &c. all of which are at present a very dull sale, owing to a want of export to the northern ports of Europe, as well as the free trade between America and the French West India islands, whereby they are enabled to furnish the continent of Europe with sugar and coffee at least 20 per cent. under us, owing to their low freight, insurance, &c. &c.

The following West India produce has been sold by public sale since our last, viz.

By Messrs. Anderson, 963 casks Muscovado sugar, from 53s. to 67s. per cwt.
Broadhurst, 402 ditto ditto 54s. 6d. to 69s. per cwt.
Ditto 390 ditto ditto 54s. 6d. to 67s. per cwt.
Tyers and Co. 129 casks plantation coffee, 80s. to 129s. 6d. per cwt.
Ditto, 286 bags pimento, 9½d. to 9⅝d. per lb.
Woodhouse, 175 hhds. plantation coffee, 84s. to 129s. per cwt.
Ditto, 396 bags pimento, 9½d. to 9⅝d. per lb.
Anderson, 411 hhds. plantation coffee, 80s. to 128s. 6d. per cwt.
Batty and Co. 28 hhds. 2,709 bags St. Domingo coffee (damaged) 37s. to 85s. per cwt.
Kymer and Co. 542 casks and bags plantation coffee, 80s. to 128s. 6d. per cwt.
Coles and Co. 93 hhds. 114 bags ditto 80s. to 117s. 6d. per cwt.
Laroche and Co. 57 do. 37 ditto ditto 82s. 6d. to 97s. per cwt.
Woodhouse. 221 ditto ditto 50s to 140s. per cwt.
M'Kenzie, 330 bags cotton-wool, 1s. 3⅞d. to 1s. 8⅝d. per lb.
Coles and Sons, 487 ditto 1s. 6½d. to 1s. 8½d. per lb.
Kibble, 128 ditto (Demerary) 1s. 5½d. to 1s. 9⅛d. per lb.
W. Anderson, 343 ditto (ditto) 1s. 4⅝d. to 1s. 10d. per lb.
Purdy and Sons, 216 bags pimento (bonded) 9⅛d. to 9⅝d. per lb.
Kymer and Co. 45 elephant's teeth, 10l. 5s. to 27l. 5s. per cwt.
Ditto 45 tons camwood, 43l. to 44l. per ton.

Of the produce of America, there has been very few public sales, and the prices have rather declined since our last report on the subject; from Virginia alone, has been imported into the port of London in *one week*, 1,481,304 lbs. of tobacco. 1,003 barrells American pot-ashes, lately landed from Quebec, were sold at public sale, by Messrs. Poyser and Co. at 53s. 9d. to 60s. 3d. per cwt. also 342 barrels American pearl-ashes, at 55s. 9d. to 71s. per cwt. 307 barrells Carolina rice, by widow Purdy and Sons, *bonded* at 26s. to 30s. 6d. per cwt. 8 tons lignum vitæ, at 21l. 10s. per ton. 155 tons Newfoundland seal oil, at 23l. 5s. to 25l. 5s. per ton. per Mr. S. Cleasby. With respect to the commerce between this country and America, it is impossible to judge how far it is prudent to extend a further credit to the American merchants, until the present pending negotiations are finally arranged, which we hope and trust is not far distant. The Americans are at this time largely indebted, not only to London, but also the great manufacturing towns of Birmingham, Sheffield, Manchester, Nottingham, &c. &c. and if a rupture should take place it must do considerable injury to many respectable families in those towns.

Although the quality of the hops this year is remarkably fine, still the demand is not great, and the prices rather fallen within these few days; at Worcester market 1696 pockets new hops were weighed off at 6l. to 6l. 17s per cwt. and at Stourport market 377 pockets were weighed off at 6l. to 6l. 15s. per cwt. At Canterbury the market was full of samples, but few buyers; bags sold from 5l. to 5l. 16s. per cwt. and pockets sold at 6l. to 6l. 15s. a few fine ones brought 7l. per cwt.

The course of exchange between this country and Ireland has lately fallen, and is likely to be still lower in consequence of the great linen market being on just now at Dublin, which will cause bills on London to be had at Dublin on reasonable terms, being given as a payment for the linen cloth by the English purchasers now attending the said market.

CURRENT PRICES OF MERCHANDIZE, *London*, 20*th October*, 1807.

		£						
American Pot-ash	L. per cwt.	2	10	0	to	3	6	0
Ditto Pearl	L.	2	14	0		3	10	0
Barilla		2	5	0		2	12	0
Brandy, Cogniac	gal.	1	1	0		1	2	0
Ditto Spanish		0	19	0		1	0	0
Camphire, refined	lb.	0	4	8		0	4	10
Ditto unrefined	cwt.	16	0	0		20	5	0
Cochineal, garbled	lb.	1	0	0		1	8	0
Ditto East India		0	3	0		0	6	0
Coffee, fine	cwt.	6	0	0		6	10	0
Ditto ordinary		4	0	0		4	15	0
Cotton-wool, Surinam	lb.	0	1	9		0	1	11
Ditto Jamaica		0	1	4½		0	1	6
Ditto Smyrna	L.	0	1	5		0	1	7½
Ditto East India		0	1	3		0	1	4
Currants, Zant	cwt.	4	0	0		4	5	0
Deals, Dantz.	piece	1	16	0		1	19	0
Ditto Petersburgh	H.	22	0	0		0	0	0
Ditto Stockholm		0	0	0		0	0	0
Elephants' Teeth	cwt.	30	10	0		34	0	0
Ditto Scrivell		18	0	0		24	0	0
Flax, Riga	ton	69	0	0		70	0	0
Ditto Petersburgh		72	0	0		73	0	0
Galls, Turkey	H. cwt.	5	5	0		7	0	0
Geneva, Hollands	gal.	1	1	0		1	2	0
Ditto English		0	8	3		0	12	0
Gum Arabic, Turkey	cwt.	6	0	0		11	15	0
Ditto Sandrach	L.	6	5	0		7	5	0
Ditto Tragacanth		19	0	0		20	10	0
Gum Seneca	cwt.	5	5	0		6	10	0
Hemp, Riga	ton	64	0	0		65	0	0
Ditto Petersburgh		64	0	0		65	0	0
Indigo, Caracca	lb.	0	10	6		0	11	6
Ditto East India		0	3	0		0	12	0
Iron, British, bars	ton	15	0	0		16	0	0
Ditto Swedish		25	0	0		26	0	0
Ditto Norway		24	0	0		25	0	0
Ditto Archangel		25	0	0		26	0	0
Lead in pigs	L. fod.	30	0	0		0	0	0
Ditto red	L. ton	28	0	0		29	0	0
Ditto white	L.	48	0	0		49	0	0

		£						
Logwood Chips	ton	12	0	0	to	13	0	0
Madder, Dutch crop	cwt.	4	5	0		5	5	0
Mahogany	ft.	0	1	2		0	2	0
Oak plank, Dantz.	last	11	0	0		12	0	0
Ditto American		0	0	0		0	0	0
Oil, Lucca	25 gal. jar	16	0	0		17	0	0
Ditto Spermaceti	ton	85	0	0		90	0	0
Ditto Whale	L.	21	0	0		25	10	0
Ditto Florence	half chest	2	15	0		2	18	0
Pitch, Stockholm	cwt.	0	14	6		0	15	6
Quicksilver	lb.	0	3	9		0	3	10
Raisins, bloom	cwt.	3	16	0		6	0	0
Rice, Carolina		1	6	6		2	0	0
Ditto East India		0	0	0		0	0	0
Rum, Jamaica	L. gal.	0	3	1		0	4	0
Ditto Leeward I.	L.	0	2	6		0	3	4
Saltpetre, East India	cwt.	2	11	0		2	12	0
Shellach		5	0	0		10	0	0
Silk, Thrown, Italian	lb	1	11	0		2	15	0
Silk, Raw Ditto		0	17	0		1	13	0
Ditto China		1	16	0		1	19	0
Ditto Beng.	novi	0	12	0		1	6	0
Ditto Organzine		1	10	0		1	18	0
Tallow, English	L. cwt.	3	5	0		0	0	0
Ditto Russia, white		3	0	0		0	0	0
Ditto, yellow		3	6	0		0	0	0
Tar, Stockholm	bar.	1	10	0		1	11	6
Tin in blocks	cwt.	6	6	0		0	0	0
Tobacco, Maryl.	lb.	0	1	0		0	1	1
Ditto Virginia		0	0	4½		0	0	10
Wax, Guinea	cwt.	7	0	0		10	10	0
Whale-fins	ton	15	0	0		25	0	0
Wine, Red Port	pipe	86	0	0		94	0	0
Ditto Lisbon		88	0	0		90	0	0
Ditto Madeira		98	0	0		120	0	0
Ditto Vidonia		74	0	0		80	0	0
Ditto Calcavella		84	0	0		95	0	0
Ditto Sherry	butt	84	0	0		105	0	0
Ditto Mountain		70	0	0		82	0	0
Ditto Claret	hogs.	86	0	0		90	0	0
Yarn, Mohair	lb.	0	4	3		0	8	0

N.B. H. *denotes an alteration higher, and* L. *lower in the price, since last publication*

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

	Oct. 6.	Oct. 9.	Oct. 13.		Oct. 6.	Oct. 9.	Oct. 13.
Amsterdam	35.5	35.5	35.5	Bilboa	39½	39½	39½
Ditto at Sight	34.9	34.9	34.9	Leghorn	51	50½	50
Rotterdam, c. f.	11.1	11.1	11.2	Naples	42	42	42
Hamburgh	34.4	34.4	34.4	Genoa	45½	45½	45
Altona	34.5	34.5	34.5	Venice, *N. C.*	52	52	52
Paris	24.6	24.6	24.6	Lisbon	62	62	62
Ditto 2 us.	24.10	24.10	24.10	Oporto	63½	63½	63
Bordeaux	24.10	24.10	24.10	Dublin	10½ a ¼	10½ a ¼	10½
Cadiz	39½	39½	39½	Cork	11½	11½	11½
Madrid	40	40	40	Agio on the Bank of Holland, 5½ per cent.			

PRICES OF BULLION.

Portugal Gold, coin and bars, per oz. 4l. 0s. | New Dollars, 5s. 5d. | Silver in Bars, standard, 5s. 6d.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c.

By THOMAS BLUNT, No. 22, Cornhill,

Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty,

At Nine o'Clock, A. M.

1807	*Barom*	*Ther.*	*Wind.*	*Obser.*
Sept. 29	29.82	54	NW	Fair
30	29.51	56	WNW	Ditto
Oct. 1	30.10	51	W	Ditto
2	29.95	60	S	Rain
3	30.00	58	WSW	Fair
4	29.95	62	SW	Ditto
5	29.89	61	WSW	Ditto
6	29.99	57	SW	Ditto
7	30.03	64	W	Ditto
8	29.71	58	NW	Rain
9	30.05	55	SW	Fair
10	30.02	60	SW	Rain
11	29.94	57	SW	Fair
12	29.90	56	SW	Ditto
13	30.07	62	S	Ditto
14	30.11	63	S	Ditto
Oct. 15	30.00	64	S	Fair
16	30.03	62	SSW	Ditto
17	29.92	59	W	Ditto
18	29.90	56	SW	Ditto
19	29.89	57	S	Ditto
20	29.85	57	S	Ditto
21	29.40	60	SSE	Ditto
22	29.42	55	NE	Rain
23	29.27	54	W	Fair
24	29.30	51	E	Ditto
25	29.42	58	SE	Ditto
26	29.51	54	E	Ditto
27	29.40	51	N	Rain
28	29.71	47	N	Fair
29	29.50	50	SW	Rain

J. GOLD, PRINTER, SHOE-LANE.

EACH DAY'S PRICE OF STOCKS FOR OCTOBER, 1807.

Days	Bank Stock	3 per Ct. Consols	3 perCt Reduc	3 per Ct. def. 1808	4 perCt Consol	Navy 5 perCt	New 5 perCt	Long Anns.	Short Anns.	Omn	Irish Omn	Imp. 3 perCt	Imp. Anns.	Irish 5 perCt	Irish Anns.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exche. Bills.	State Lot. Tickets.
Sept 25	——	62⅝ a ¾	——	——	——	96½	——	——	——	¼	——	——	——	——	——	174¼	1s dis.	par	20l 19s
26	——	62⅝ a ¾	——	——	——	96½	——	——	——	——	——	62⅝	——	——	——	——	par	par	20l 19s
29	holiday																		
30	——	62⅝ a ¾	——	——	——	96½	——	——	——	——	——	62⅝	7 11-16	——	——	——	par	par	20l 19s
Oct. 1	——	62⅝ a ¾	——	——	——	96½	——	——	——	par	——	——	7¾	——	——	174	1s dis.	par	21l 0s
2	——	62⅝ a ¾	——	——	——	96½	——	——	——	——	——	62½	7 13-16	——	——	——	1s dis.	par	21l 0s
3	——	62⅝ a ¾	——	——	——	96⅝	——	——	——	——	——	——	7 13-16	——	——	——	1s dis.	par	21l 0s
5	——	62½ a ⅝	——	——	——	96¼	——	——	——	par	——	——	——	——	——	173½	1s dis.	par	21l 0s
6	——	62⅜ a ½	——	——	——	96¼	——	——	——	¼ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	2s dis.	par	21l 0s
7	——	62⅜ a ½	——	——	——	96¼	——	——	——	¼ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	2s dis.	1s dis.	21l 0s
8	——	62⅜ a ½	——	——	——	96⅜	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	173½	1s dis.	par	21l 0s
9	231½	62¼ a ⅜	——	——	——	96¼	——	——	——	¼ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	par	par	21l 0s
10	——	62⅜ a ½	——	——	——	96⅜	——	——	——	¼ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	par	par	21l 0s
12	——	62½ a ⅝	61⅞	——	79⅛	96⅜	——	17 11-16	——	par	——	——	——	——	——	174	——	1s pr.	21l 0s
13	226½	62½ a ⅝	61⅝	——	79	96⅜	——	17 9-16	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	173	par	1s pr.	21l 0s
14	226	62¼ a ⅜	61⅜	——	79	96¼	——	17 9-16	——	⅛ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	par	2s pr.	21l 0s
15	226	62¼ a ⅜	61⅜	——	79	96¼	——	17½	——	¼ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	par	3s pr.	21l 0s
16	——	62⅛ a ¼	61⅝	——	79⅛	96¼	——	17⅝	——	¾ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	par	3s pr.	21l 0s
17	——	62⅛ a ¼	61½	——	79	96¼	——	17½	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	3s pr.	21l 0s
19	226	62⅛ a ¼	61½	——	79⅛	96⅜	——	17½	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	par	3s pr.	21l 0s
20	226	62¼ a ⅜	61¾	——	79¼	96½	——	17½	——	⅛ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	173½	par	4s pr.	21l 0s
21	226	62⅛ a ½	61⅞	——	79⅜	96⅝	——	17 9-16	——	¼ dis.	——	——	——	91	——	——	1s pr.	4s pr.	21l 0s
22	225½	62⅜ a ½	61¾	——	79⅜	96⅝	——	17⅝	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	par	4s pr.	21l 0s
23	——	62⅜ a ½	61¾	——	79½	96⅝	——	17 9-16	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	par	4s pr.	21l 0s
24	——	62¼ a ⅜	61¾	——	79⅛	96⅜	——	17½	——	¼ dis.	——	——	——	——	——	——	par	4s pr.	21l 0s
26	holiday																		

EDWARD FORTUNE, Broker, *No.* 13, Cornhill.

N.B. In the 3 per Cent. Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each Day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.